GRAN'POP'S OWN BEAUTY SHOW.—BY LAWSON WOOD.

1/=

The Sketch

BOLS KÜMMEL
—ALWAYS WITH YOUR COFFEE
Founded in Amsterdam 1575
Others of the famous Bols Liqueurs made in Amsterdam.
CURACAO .. .. an after lunch liqueur.
BOLS BLANC .. .. for your cocktails.
CREME DE MENTHE .. as an aid to digestion.
CHERRY BRANDY .. .. warming, when motoring.
V.O. GENEVA (HOLLANDS) .. one glass a day.

The most popular drink to-day
"Presta"
TRADE MARK
SPARKLING GRAPE FRUIT
The Apollinaris Co., Ltd., London, W.1.

FORTIPHONE
offer Free Consultation and Test of FIVE NEW WAYS OF HEARING for the **DEAF**
These new Fortiphone inventions make perfect Hearing easy for even the very deaf. Call for FREE TEST (without obligation) or send for particulars and Home Trial Offer to
FORTIPHONE LTD. (Dept. 132)
Langham Hse., 308 Regent St., W.1
(Opposite the Polytechnic)
Take Lift to 3rd Floor. LANgham 1034

For immediate relief from Headaches - take
Genasprin
THE SAFE BRAND

By Appointment to H.M.King George V.
CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS
FINEST QUALITY EXTRA DRY
Judge and enjoy 1926 Vintage
Introducing 1926 VINTAGE as excellent as the 1923

AA MOTOR POLICIES
ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED.
MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET,
LONDON, S.W.1.

PRICE ONE SHILLING; BY INLAND POST, 1/1½
Canada and Newfoundland 1½d.; Foreign 3d.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN AND REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

BELGIUM.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel. Facing sea and bathing, near Tennis. Golf. Casino. Pension from 65 frs. Tels.: Palace Knocke. Tel. No. 8.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Guernsey.—Hotel Houmet du Nord.—Fcg. Sea. Full licence. Close famous golf links. Colonials specially catered for. Apply illus. brochure.

Guernsey.—Moore's Queen's Hotel.—Fully licensed. With H. & C. running water. Central. Gns. 3 to end June. 4 Gns. summer. A.A.

Guernsey.—Hotel de Normandie.—The premier residential hotel. Lovely garden. 2 minutes from sea. Anglo-Swiss cuisine.

Jersey.—Links Hotel.—On Royal Jersey Golf Course. American Bar. Bathing, Tennis, 11 acres gardens. A.A. Apply for terms.

Jersey.—Royal Yacht Hotel.—Lift all floors. H. & C. running water all rooms. Overlooking sea. Jersey's luxury hotel.

FRANCE.

Le Touquet.—Regina Hotel.—Latest 1st class Hotel on beach. Opp. swimming pool. Casino 200 yds. Mod. Rates. H. Mosesco, Manager.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.—Op. Casino Gardens. Beach. 1st cl. Pension from Frs. 50; with bath, Frs. 60. Suite, Frs. 75.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class, 200 rooms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. rms. Annexe: Hôtel Adelphi, rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace. Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Bad Ems.—State Hotels Kurhaus and Römerbad.—The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pen. fr. RM. 9.50.

Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel "Zum Hirsch"—150 beds. All comfort. Rooms with priv. thermal baths. Pension Mk.: 9—up.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue."—The well-known family hotel in 5 acres own park. Most reasonable rates.

Baden-Baden.—Brenner's Stephanie Hotel and **Brenner's Park Hotel (Kurhof)** next to the Casino (Baccara-Roulette), the swim. pool & 18-hole Golf.

Baden-Baden, Holland Hotel.—150 beds, large own park. Close Casino. Personal management of proprietor: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Zähringerhof.—130 beds. Pension from RM. 8—or with private thermal bath from RM. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class hotel. Large garden fcg. baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension fr. RM. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Carlton Kurhaus. Strictly first-class. Best English clients. Home-like in every way.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria. Situated directly opposite Bath-houses, Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales. Family Hotel pref. by Englishmen. All mod. comfort. Mod. prices, ex. cuisine. Prop.: A. Leuner.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol. Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from RM. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel. First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Coblence.—Hotel Riesen-Fürstenhof. 1st class. Terrace overlooking the Rhine. Full Pension 9 Mks. up—room 4 Mks. up.

Coblence.—Koblenzer Hof.—The leading hotel. Wonderful site facing Rhein. Garage. Rooms from RM. 4, with pension RM. 9.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. World renowned. Unique position on the River. G'n-P'k, Ter's, Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Freiburg im Breisgau.—Römischer Kaiser.—The house that lives up to its distinguished history. Reas'n'ble r'tes. Trout fishing. Shooting.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perft. Htl. bldng. Select home of intern. Soc. and Arist'cy. Mangd. by M. Hartung, Council of Com.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—(1st Cl.) family hotel—300 beds—medical bath in the Hotel—Golf—Tennis—Garage—Pen. fr. Mk. 8.

A penny a mile to the Land of Romance

Scotland has the right sort of history, the sort that leaves behind it picturesque abbeys and castles, places which give you a much more vivid sight of the past than the most ambitious of Hollywood's "historical" films—ancient villages and bridges and strongholds that make you live through Scott's romances all over again. Scenes of natural beauty too—a stream splashing down through rocks and bracken or a grove of silver birches at the foot of a mountain—will quicken your heart to the lilt of Burns' sweet songs.

With a "Summer Ticket" Scotland is only a penny a mile away from you. Travel by any train. Come back any time within a month. In many parts of Scotland you can get Holiday Contract Tickets. These entitle you to travel anywhere you like by any train in certain large areas. The price is as low as 7s. 6d. a week.

With a Penny-a-Mile Summer Return Ticket to Scotland, between places served by alternative routes you may, if you wish, travel out one way and return the other. You can stop at any station going or coming back provided the outward journey is completed within three days. Tourist Tickets available for three months—issued May to October.

The following holiday guides are obtainable from L M S or L·N·E·R offices and agencies:

L M S—	*L·N·E·R.—*
"Scottish Apartments Guide" (3d.)	*"The Holiday Handbook"* (6d.)

L M S and L·N·E·R—the following are free:

Scotland for the Holidays	Clyde Coast and Loch Lomond
Through the Trossachs	The Land of Scott and Burns.

MOTOR CARS accompanied by one first-class or two third-class adult passengers are conveyed to include outward and homeward journeys at the reduced rate of 4½d. a mile charged on the single journey mileage for distances not less than 50 miles. Single journey charges at 3d. a mile.

IT'S QUICKER BY RAIL

LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RLY • LONDON & NORTH EASTERN RLY

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—Continued.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Wiesbaden—Palast-Hotel.—First-class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath—establishment. Pension fr. RM. 10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks.

Wildbad.—Hotel Quellenhof.—A famous hotel in a famous spa. Thermal baths. Trout-fishing.

ITALY.

Menaggio.—Victoria Hotel.—(1st cl.) Golf (18). Tennis. Bowling. On lake shores away fr. mn. rd. Guests mstly. Brit. Pen. 40-60 Lr. (13/6 to 18/6)

Stresa.—Regina Palace. De luxe garden on lake. Tennis. Golf. Bathing. Orchestra. Garage. Rooms fr. 6/-. Pension fr. 17/-. Swiss Man.

Viareggio.—Grand Hotel Royal.—300 R. Comf. Best pos. near sea & forest. Open Rest. Orches. distractions. New Man., Cav. F. Paletto.

SICILY.

Palermo.—Villa Igiea.—On the Sea Front—Large Park—Golf Links—Tennis—Orchestra. Pension from 75 Lire.

Taormina.—San Domenico Palace.—Alone of its kind—Former Dominican Monastery of the 14th Century. Pension from 75 Lire.

SWITZERLAND.

Baden-les-Bains (near Zürich).—**Grand Hotel.** First-class Cure Establishment for Arthritism. Large Park.

Geneva.—La Residence.—1st-class Resid. All Cmfrt. Spl. Roof-Grdn. Tennis. Open-air Rest. Marv. view on lake and mts. Pens. from 12 Frs.

Geneva.—The Regina.—Up-to-date. On Lake. Centre Open-air Rest., overl'king lake and City. Incl. price, 15s.; with private bath, 17s. 6d.

Geneva.—Hotel Victoria.—Facing English Garden and Lake. Homelike. Every modern comfort. Rooms from Fr. 4.50. Pension fr. Fr. 12.

Glion.—Grand Hotel and Righi Vaudois.—(2270 ft.) Ideal pos. Ovrlkg. Lake of Geneva. Ev'ry c'mf't. Fst.-clss. Cuisine. Inc. terms from Fr. 12.

Gurnigel.—Bernese Oberld.—(3900 ft.). a.S. Sum. and Win. **Grand Hotel.** 1st-Cl. 300 b'dr'ms, baths, Diet. Ten. Orch. Wky. tms., all incl., £5 7 0.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine. Diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5. 0. 0.

Lausanne Palace—Beau-Site Hotels.—De luxe at reasonable rates. Excellent cuisine. Nicest position. Park, garage, private tennis, golf.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—First-class. Finest situation on lake. Reasonable terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

Mürren.—Grand Hotel & Kurhaus. Take your "Holidays in the Alps." Three Tennis courts. In June Alpine Flora. Terms en pension 18/-.

Vevey.—Grand Hotel de Vevey.—Large park with direct access to lake. Own beach—2 tennis—boating. Incl. rate (pension) with bath £1.

Vevey.—Parkhotel Mooser.—Great comfort. Terrace overlooking lake. Pension francs 12.50 upwards. Ch. Hauser.

Help the Unemployed

whilst helping hospitals and other social services.

HOW?

ASK THE

WINTER DISTRESS LEAGUE,

23, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

The Sketch

No. 2155.—Vol. CLXVI. WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE.

TWO DÉBUTANTES—
ONE GUITAR.

MISS VIVIENNE PARKER, daughter of Lady Lever, and LADY CECILIA WELLESLEY, younger daughter of Clare Lady Cowley, are two of the most attractive débutantes of the year. Miss Parker (left) plays the guitar and is shown holding her instrument, which is painted with amusing modernist designs. She croons and gives rhumba-jazz numbers. Lady Cecilia Wellesley is only seventeen; so is one of the youngest débutantes of the year.

RUNNYMEDE PAGEANT PERSONALITIES

MISS SERITA DALES as Mary Boleyn.

MISS JOY FITZROY LYON as Anne Boleyn.

MISS ELAINE DE CHAIR as the Countess of Shrewsbury.

MISS MARGARET TEMPLETON as Lady Capell.

BY SOCIAL WELL - KNOWNS.

MRS. GERALD AYLMER as Joanna, Queen of Scotland.

MISS TUNIE KARRI-DAVIES as a page to Henry VIII.

MISS PEGGY GORDON MOORE as Margaret, Queen of Scotland.

THE PAGEANT OF RUNNYMEDE, which is fixed to take place at Runnymede from June 9 to 16, will present a series of episodes from English history in the most romantic of settings. Miss Gwen Lally is the Pageant Master, and the players include Dame Sybil Thorndike, Sir Barry Jackson, Viscountess Elibank, and many other well-known people, as well as a number of this year's most attractive débutantes.

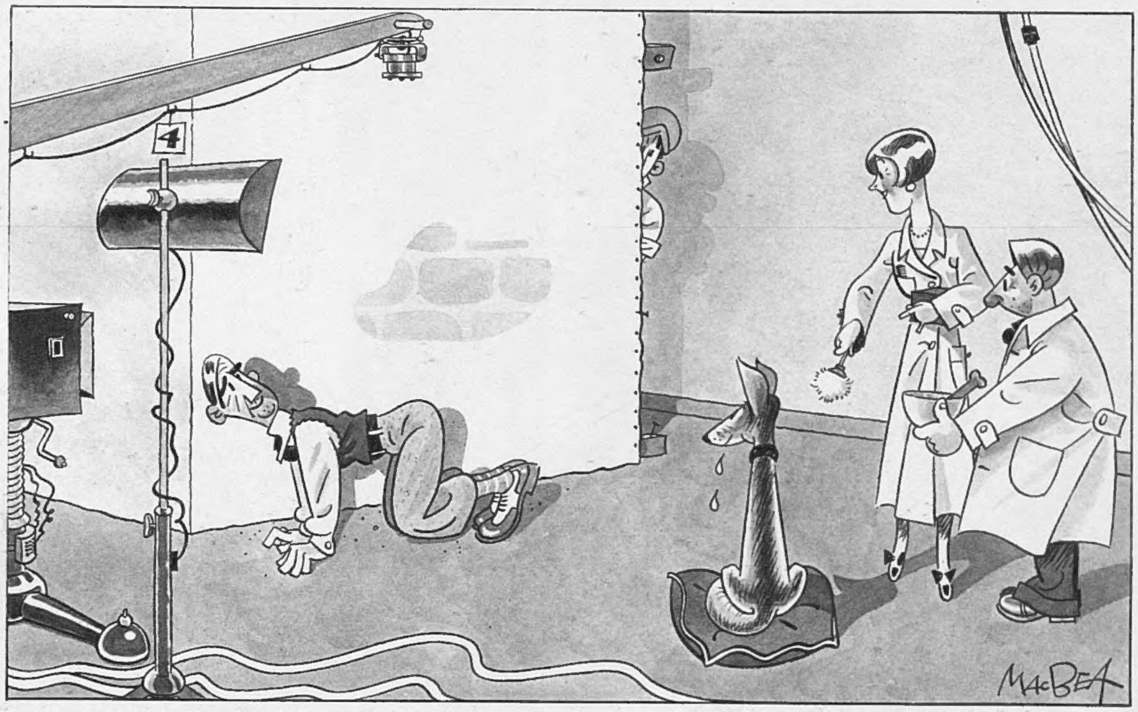
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SASHA.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

SHEEP AND GOATS.

IT is a little hard on goats that they are contrasted, so much to their disadvantage, with sheep. The unfortunate goat has always had this reputation : at an early date he was chosen, from among all animals, to take the blame for things he had never done—the idea being, apparently, that it did not matter much what happened to *him*, anyhow. This was particularly ungrateful among Biblical people, to whom, as to all Easterns, he was a very serviceable domestic animal. He has his faults : his personal hygiene is not of the most scrupulous ; he has a challenging look in his eye ; and when he gets an idea into his head—well, you know what he does with his head. He does not, it is true, supply either wool or mutton, but he can hardly be blamed for that ; and he has a great deal more common sense, not to say spirit and character, than the sheep, which is the most foolish, negative, vapid animal in creation, with the single exception of the common or barnyard fowl. For my part, I would much rather be accused of acting the goat than acting the sheep. I have never seen a goat acting the goat, though I have often seen sheep acting the goat.



THE DIRECTOR SHOWS THE DOG FILM-STAR WHAT HE WANTS.

DRAWN BY MACBEA.

However, I did not take up my pen with the intention of embarking on an Apology for Goats. I do not wish to expose myself to any cheap witticisms about a fellow-feeling making me wondrous kind. I merely mentioned goats in connection with the curious habit of dividing humanity into sheep and goats. We are given to understand that the classification will be made on a future occasion which none of us regard with complete equanimity ; but it is also constantly made in this life as well as the next.

It is, of course, convenient. It is neat, decisive. It gives you the feeling of knowing where you are with things and people. I have a vivid recollection of an early exercise in this satisfying classification. We had in our juvenile library an edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress" with very remarkable illustrations, depicting all Bunyan's characters, natural and supernatural. On rainy afternoons I used to go through them all, judging them as sheep or goats. The goats were marked with a Black Spot in pencil (though I had not at that time read about Blind Pew and Billy Bones), on the principle of "See, with a spot I damn him !" Bunyan's names made the task easy enough in most cases : the only difficulty was to make a spot big and black enough when one came to real boss- or arch-goats like Giant Despair or Apollyon himself. It was a regrettable, precocious display of a Pharisaic spirit, and a most presumptuous usurping of the Recording Angel's function ; but I am afraid Bunyan was responsible. Dear good creature, he never had any difficulty in dividing the sheep from the goats ; and anybody who had the least doubt about the matter he would have regarded as a Mr. Facing-Both-Ways.

I doubt whether I was alone in the method which I employed, and I do not think it is confined to children. I suspect that we have all been brought up to apply it to history. Do we not all—or at least did we not—instinctively classify all the famous characters of history as sheep or goats ? After reading those sententious little summaries about the "character" of this king or that statesman, we have automatically put him in his category, and if he happens to have been a goat, we have had no mercy on him. The Bad Men of history are such monsters of iniquity that we can only congratulate ourselves that they belong to an extinct species—at all events, one does not come across them in real life. All our present Dictators and History-Makers, for example, seem to be surprisingly respectable persons ; but one trembles to think what horrid, bogey shapes they may assume after they have been dead a couple of hundred years. Our great-great-grandchildren will undoubtedly learn with indignation that Herr Hitler drank blood every morning for breakfast, and Signor Mussolini performed human sacrifices whenever he had a spare moment. Marc Antony said a mouthful (if I may put it like that ?) when he made that remark about the evil that men do.

I am not denying for a moment that history has its Goats, Wrong 'Uns, and Bad Hats. I am afraid there is too much evidence of them to be ignored. I do not, for example, belong to that school of thought which regards Richard III. as an ideal ruler, or Henry VIII. as a model husband, or the Emperor Nero as a perfect little gentleman. But I do suggest that to give a goat a bad name in history is often a very harsh thing to do even to a goat. Take King John. Now, there is one of history's goats, if you like! Mr. Milne has even perpetuated him in the nursery as a Bad Man, though, I am glad to note, with some compassion. And yet John may have been more sinned against than sinning. Those barons were rather a tough lot, you know ! After all, he *did* sign Magna Carta ; a weakness for lampreys is not a crime ; and if a man likes to throw his jewels into The Wash, I suppose it is his own affair.

I am daily expecting some enterprising historian to prove that King John was one of the most wise and benevolent rulers who ever sat upon the English throne. Owing to our inveterate sheep-and-goat habit, we are always getting shocks like that from historians nowadays. For instance, I have just read in a recent book that the Emperor Domitian "was a genial and generous ruler always careful for the well-being of his people." The same writer says that Tiberius was respectable to the point of dullness. I dare say he is quite right, but I confess that these opinions give me a jar. It is a long time since I read much about Tiberius and Domitian, but I have a distinct recollection of marking them most definitely with big black spots. Well, well !

Whatever history may say, the truth seems to be this : There are a few, a very few, perfectly white sheep. There are a few, a very few, perfectly black goats. The rest of the humanity is a cross between sheep and goat—which I believe is, scientifically, impossible. And that 's the fact—human nature is, scientifically, quite impossible.

THE STEPHEN COURTAULDS AND THEIR LEMUR IN THE R. A.

The title of this charming modern "Conversation Piece," by L. Campbell Taylor, R.A., in the Royal Academy catalogue is "At Forty-Seven Grosvenor Square." It is actually an at-home portrait of MR. and MRS. STEPHEN COURTAULD and their pet LEMUR, MAHJONG, posed in the music-room of their lovely London home, which contains many treasures. These include the sixteenth-century tapestries which hang in the Italian room and the eighteenth-century panelling in Mrs. Courtauld's bed-room.

FROM THE PICTURE BY L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR, R.A. EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY, COPYRIGHT RESERVED FOR THE OWNER BY "ROYAL ACADEMY ILLUSTRATED."

LONDON ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

OUR first experience of a Private View at the Royal Academy was illuminating. We went shod for Hurst Park and prepared for an Edwardian crowd making passes at pictures painted in the Victorian tradition of complacency due to the price of Consols—each canvas an illustration of Pippa's assurance that "All 's right with the world." Like the persecuted Dean in "She Loves Me Not," we had got it all wrong.

The pictures were closely allied to life as we live it, with exceptions such as Spencer's little problems, and "that tiresome woman in grey walking through a wood" (overheard in Gallery III.) also those Highland cattle knee-deep in bracken, belonging to an era before wireless was laid on to call the cattle home. Nor are some of the portraits as closely allied to life as they might be. Alternatively you may prefer impressions (of which Sickert is *le cher maître*) to photographs, even when these are in oils on art paper with a super-glossy finish. We failed to see pretty Mrs. Pim eye to eye with R. G. Eves, and prefer her pink and white and gilty looks unframed. Contrarily, Simon Elwes etherealises in de László's middle manner. His success is assured, even if we were unable to identify his portrait with Mrs. Baron. It 's hard to cavil with his "Princess Royal," which is altogether delightful. Cathleen Mann was less successful with Prince George as subject. The Lavery of Mrs. Cunningham-Reid got mixed comments, but we liked it better than his Lady Anne Rhys. Lady Delamere is almost as charming as in life—John A. M. Hay responsible. Monnington's pedestrian picture—"Admiral of the Fleet, Earl Jellicoe"—has the disadvantage to be hung opposite Cowan Dobson's imaginative study of Beatty. The Battle of Jutland all over again.

MR. JIMMY RUTLAND and MR. ROLAND BLANE escorted MISS "TINY" SWORD to Lord Bridport's party for his fiancée, Miss Pam Baker. Miss Sword's green Glengarry was much admired.

MRS. ARCHIE HAY (left) lent her house in Lowndes Square for the huge cocktail-party given by Lord Bridport. She is seen with MR. DAVID BAKER, the HON. MRS. BAKER, and MARCHESE GIULIO MARCONI, son of the great Marconi. The Hon. Mrs. Baker is the sister of Lord Bridport.

VISCOUNT BRIDPORT and his fiancée, MISS PAMELA BAKER, are here seen at their cocktail-party given in Mrs. Archie Hay's house. Miss Baker brought her Teddy Bear.

Three attractive guests at Lord Bridport's party. MISS NAN McGOWAN, ravishing in black; MRS. RICHARD HERBERT in grey with a jaunty cape; and MISS SYBIL PITMAN in dark blue over a printed summer dress. Miss Pitman lives in "Beaufortshire." Mrs. Herbert is Lady Churston's sister.

While progressing with method and a free catalogue, we saw—

(*a*) Charles Campbell Emmott, M.P., because his top-hat nearly grazed the skylights.

(*b*) Miss Megan Lloyd George, M.P., because she 's conveniently placed for seeing round obstacles near the ground.

(*c*) Rosita Forbes, in a two-way scarf of lemon and lime, looking for Sir James Dunn, because it 's impossible not to see Rosita when she 's looking for someone or something, whether Stalin or Popocatepetl.

(*d*) Lady Elibank in mittens diced like marble halls, because her husband was protesting that he really likes plain gloves best.

(*e*) The lovely Duchess of Leinster, because her husband was giving us a tip—not for the Burlington Stakes.

We wondered how many respectable wives and mothers, props of Empire and the bridge clubs, came away with a secret longing to sit for Gerald Brockhurst, who makes his models alluring *femmes fatales* with intellectual foreheads and Medusa lips. We like his Italian backgrounds and elegant brushwork, but W. G. de Glehn's contributions, particularly "The Captive," seem to us more certain of becoming museum pieces. Or is this only because we 're reminded of Renoir? Let the "greenery yellowy" experts—they haven't changed colour since that song was young—get busy, because we must get to our horses, passing Lord and Lady Hailsham on the staircase and Sir Lionel and Lady Earle in Piccadilly, he anxious to appraise Epstein's Einstein, which the *cognoscenti* pronounced superb at Tooth's before Christmas. We wrote about it and the water-colours at that time. Now it has reached the ballyhoo stage. It is still a very fine bronze.

So is Mrs. Freddie Cripps's complexion, which showed to advantage in the paddock. Her leopard coat was smart if unseasonable, and her charm never varies—by which we don't mean she 's a dull and static personality; quite the reverse, as the bus-driver said when he backed into the constable. Newmarket regulars who prolonged their big week in bright sunshine included the "Vandy" Beattys, the George Lambtons, Lords Zetland and Valentia, the Dewars (she with monkey attachments and wide smile unimpaired by Fonab's poor performance), and Lady Chesham, as usual perfectly dressed. Mrs. Francis Curzon, who is Jean Combe's sister, and Mrs. Leo Lonsdale, who was "Blanchie" Somerset, were both in cheerful mood. "Blanchie," like Mrs. "Quinney" Gilbey and many others we met, had started out in a new summer suiting, changed back into an old one, and were now rather too warm, and indignant with the climate. Why does Lady Chesham never err? We suspect her of changing on the way down to meetings in the back of her car—a closed model, of course.

Others about were Lady Cooke, who has the type of face most admired in England, with regular features and a level expression which scarcely varied when her husband's Big Bad Wolf won the first race at twenty to one in a canter; Mrs. McCliff bunched with carnations; Mrs.

John Mason in a hat to match her lipstick and the very white shade of *maquillage* favoured by Lady Bridgett Poulett (not present), Miss Diana Puckle (in person), and Miss Jeanne Stourton (absent), as opposed to the natural "slightly sunburnt" appearance of the latter's sister, Mrs. Archie Hay, and her companion, popular Rosario Scrope. We note thankfully that what beauty *salons* sell as "warm sun-kist shades" (not to be confused with sun-kist oranges) are now more fashionable than the ghost effect.

Together—Mrs. Nettlefold and a successful hat inspired by Dame Laura Knight's sombrero.

Miss Violet de Worms and Miss Joan Miller, both enthusiastic about the Saumarez's dance.

Lady Elizabeth Murray and Donald Cameron the younger of Lochiel.

Miss Auriol Harbord and Colonel Boyd-Rochfort.

Mrs. "Marnie" Gillilan and a batch of racing papers.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Whitley—otherwise Elsa MacFarlane.

No wonder Clifford is almost *blasé* with being slapped on the back by admirers of the new Dorchester show! Though toned down to suit our conventions, much of the New York Paradise Club appeal has been preserved. Not all the blondes are blonde. Some brunettes with blonde tendencies are in the troupe, and the show girls (if you must have that *démodé* Folies - Bergère touch) well worth showing, our criticism being that they are allowed to wander on and off the stage without sufficient pomp and ceremony. Presented in a breath - taking way, as if we were seeing something very naughty indeed, these Amazons would have been a bigger hit. All ages and sexes will enjoy Marguerite and Leroy, the best ball-room dancers we've ever seen (even our escort, who remembers Irene and Vernon Castle, was impressed, and "Don Juan" Fairbanks clapped wearily but with appreciation), because they're in a class alone. So much so, it was quite a shock to get back to earth and Edith Roark, the *commère*. Little Sunny O'Dea is a darling dancer, and the *compère*, Naughton Wayne, so sure he's O.K. that he gets away with a very old story. Everybody laughs, so he must be right.

MRS. GERARD LEIGH partnered the EARL OF WESTMORLAND in one of the dances at the "Playing Fields Ball."

The MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD is handicapping the HON. MRS. JAMES BECK over this business of smiling at the cameraman! MR. JAMES BECK is on the left. Mrs. Beck is Lord Glenconner's sister.

The Carioca, which makes its first appearance on British parquet in this show, might sweep the town when Dolores del Rio's new picture gets here on the 18th from Hollywood *via* Paris. All very slinky and South American, we hear, relieved by Vincent Youman's tunes. He wrote "Tea for Two," and is the father of twins. We're about due for a dance revival—not that there's any English dancing to revive except the Maypole variety beloved of "handicrafty" enthusiasts. Our ball-room dancing's not even a joke, though several couples at the Mills Brothers' Mayfair première were above the average—almost *palais de danse* in glide. Harry Roy and we would be happier if his men stopped fooling and got down to it—in the old days at the Pavilion they used to play so well under him. Jack Mitford stepped out with all his renowned polish, and Lady Rothermere held herself as so few Englishwomen do—upright without stiffness. She's having a short London season, and was enchanted with those marvellous Mills, as were the whole audience, including waiters and band. They are the best current cabaret in London. Within the limits of their art they have genius, calling chords out of the air and keeping such time as every keen dancer longs for but never gets from bands this side of Broadway. Mrs. Yorke (one of the handsome Biddulphs) wore a glazed blue satin, and Lord Brecknock was in black with the "gleaming shirt-front" we associate with the peerage when described by Gilbert Frankau.

Later at the Florida, habitués were in a state of excitement at the prospect of finding themselves turned into the street on Thursday, the 31st, when Gordon Halsey gives his giant party after the Florida Birthday Ball at the Dorchester in aid of the Personal Service League. Those who pay to go to the ball get free champagne breakfasts afterwards in Bruton Mews, which is being transformed for one night into an ideal home for the overflow. We hope to eat our eggs and bacon off Jack Barclay's back doorstep. Meantime, the Florida-ora girls and boys included Mrs. Edward Alston of the well-carved nose, Lady Mary Egerton with Lady Susan Askew and escorts, Mrs. Fergus Forbes still wearing an "Alice-in-Wonderland" band, and a flock of handsome ensigns, mostly in twos and threes, without feminine distractions. And so to sleep.

LADY PATRICIA MACKAY, MISS PAMELA KINGSMILL, and MISS DAPHNE KINGSMILL were three of the attractive young girls at the "Playing Fields Ball." Lady Patricia Mackay is the débutante daughter of the Earl of Inchcape.

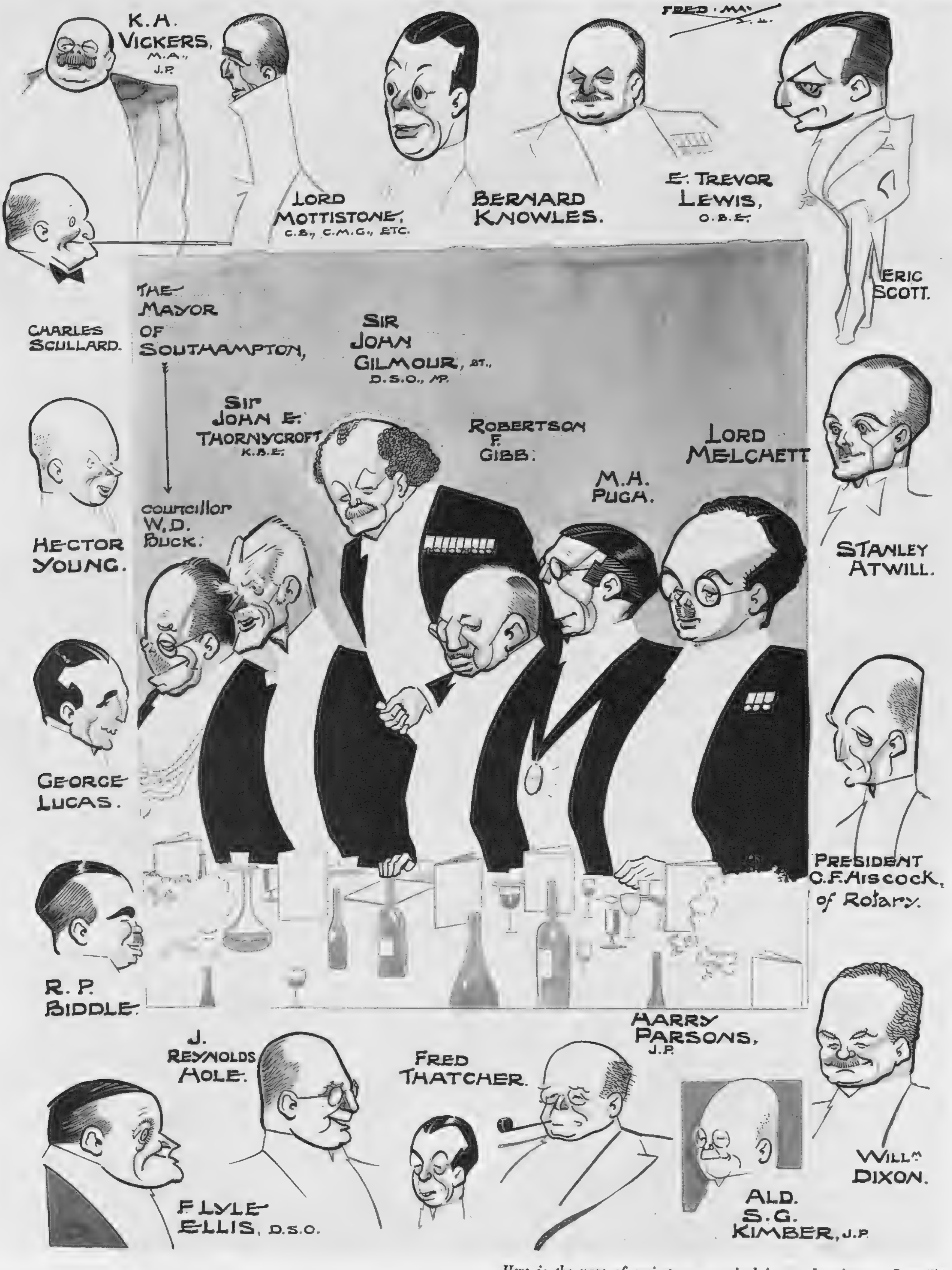
The EARL OF ROSEBERY and the COUNTESS OF DURHAM were both at the "Playing Fields Ball" in aid of the National Playing Fields Association. Lady Durham was Miss Hermione Bullough.

1934 DÉBUTANTES LOOK BACK HALF A CENTURY.

1. *MISS CHERRY PINCKARD, in a 1934 dress; and LADY PATRICIA MACKAY in an 1884 model (r.).*
2. *MISS GUINEVERE GRANT and MISS AMICIE DE BURGH-WHYTE (r.) as 1884 débutantes.*
3. *MISS DAPHNE DE LEVIS PRIZER and MISS GWENETH BUTLER in contemporary frocks.*
4. *MISS ROSEMARY INGRAM MUSSON in her 1884 dress.*
5. *MISS ROSEMARY POTTER (l.) as an 1884 girl; and MISS PETA DAVIS as a 1934 débutante.*
6. *MISS VIRGINIA BARNATO, in a walking costume of 1886.*
7. *MISS AVERIL LOYD, in a walking costume of to-day.*

MANY of the most important débutantes of the year will be present at "THE DÉBUTANTES' BALL" to-day Wednesday, May 16, in aid of the King Edward Memorial Hospital, Ealing. A dance by 1934 "buds," featuring débutantes of fifty years ago, in contrast to those of 1934, will be presented at midnight, under the direction of Miss Vacani. On this page we give some of the girls in their costumes for this number. H.R.H. Prince George has intimated his intention of being present.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERTRAM PARK.



SEEN AND HEARD AT THE SOUTHAMPTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE DINNER.

Here is the page of caricatures promised in our last issue. Councillor M. H. Pugh, President of the Southampton Chamber of Commerce, was in the Chair. Sir John Gilmour, Home Secretary, was the guest of honour at the dinner, which was attended also by Lord Mottistone, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, and a gathering which was one of the most representative in the annals of the Chamber. Many excellent speeches were made; among them, a very vigorous one by Lord Melchett, who touched on several subjects, of which, naturally, shipping was one.

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

Record 1934 Salmon and a Notable Double.

Nearly a score of salmon over 40 lb. have been taken on the Wye this year, but the first fifty-pounder of the season was not a Wye fish—it was killed on the River Awe, Argyllshire. Mr. H. G. Thornton, who caught this fine salmon, weighing 51 lb., kindly sent me the photograph reproduced on this page. He writes that on April 26 he hooked a heavy fish in the Seal Pool and landed it forty minutes later in Pol Verie, after an exciting fight owing to rough water and falls. Mr. Thornton was already a member of the select band of anglers who have landed fifty-pounders, so now he has achieved solitary glory as the only angler who has landed two fifty-pounders in the British Isles. I think this is correct, as a search through the list of big salmon failed to disclose a similar record. His first fifty-pounder was well over the mark, as it weighed 56 lb., and was caught on June 12, 1923, in the same pool—Pol Verie—on the Awe. As the new proprietor of this part of the Awe—the Bredalbane Water—Mr. Thornton started fishing on April 24, and had two fish for the week, 32 lb. and 51 lb.—an encouraging start. The Awe is noted for its heavy salmon, and has yielded several fifty-pounders. All salmon-anglers will congratulate Mr. Thornton on his notable double—a trifle enviously perhaps, but none the less sincerely.

Jubilee of the London Anglers' Association.

Following closely on the Jubilee celebrations of the Fly Fishers' Club, the London Anglers' Association held their Jubilee Dinner on May 5. It was a great day for the Association, for they also entertained the delegates of the National Federation of Anglers who were attending the annual conference, held for the first time for many years in London. The decision at the conference to fish the All-England Championship Match in the Thames at Abingdon was a very happy response to the welcome the delegates received from the London anglers. This means that the match will be fished to the Thames size limit and not "all in." London anglers have been fighting for years to have size limits adopted for the Championship, and have voluntarily handicapped themselves in the matches by refusing to weigh-in under-sized fish. Consequently the atmosphere at the banquet at the Trocadero was charged with good will. The utmost cordiality and good humour prevailed among the members and their guests, numbering in all about 440. Both the Chairman, Mr. T. W. Gomm, and Mr. R. J. Wells spoke very strongly on the question of river pollution and the need for stronger legislation. Sir Lawrence Chubb voiced a warning against the interference of private owners in public rights on footpaths, towpaths and right of way on river banks. Mr. W. G. Calcutt and Mr. T. A. Waterhouse, President of the National Federation of Anglers, also made excellent speeches.

The Aln Angling Club, by special permission of the Duke of Northumberland, was able to restock its water by having A "FIELD DAY" ON THE DUKE'S PRIVATE FISHING. All the fish caught were put into special containers and afterwards liberated on the club waters of the River Aln below Alnwick. Each fisherman had a "helper" to carry the fish in a bucket to the special cans, and there was keen rivalry for the honour of securing the first live trout. By this means, several hundreds of trout restocked the club waters. Mr. J. Burn, the "star" of the club, is here dropping his seventy-eighth trout into a can of water. He was keen to secure his "century," as, five years ago, when the club had a similar privilege, he had caught ninety-nine trout on "finishing time."

Novice's Five Salmon in Four Days.

In *The Sketch* of May 2, I mentioned the extraordinary luck of a novice in landing five salmon in four days. My arithmetic went astray when I made the average weight of the five fish, 34 lb. apiece instead of 32 lb. I hasten to correct this blunder, lest I am taxed with piscatorial inexactitude. When my friend Mr. J. Arthur Hutton heard of this novice's great catch, which I, for one, thought must surely be a record, he promptly wrote that on May 29, 1923, in Norway, his young friend Sidney Barlow, on his first day's salmon-fishing, landed four salmon weighing 155 lb., average 38¾ lb. The individual weights were 28 lb., 30 lb., 45 lb., and 52 lb. If anyone intends to cap this he will need an affidavit signed by two magistrates.

Mr. H. G. Thornton is seen with his 51-lb. SALMON, caught in the River Awe in the same pool where he caught a 56-pounder in 1923.

Beginner's Luck.

At the risk of boring readers with "beginner's luck," I must relate one more instance, which occurred within the past week or two in Dumfries-shire. A youngster was learning to fish for brown trout, when his fly was taken by a spring salmon in the Howes pool, river Annan. One can well imagine how his knees trembled and his hands shook as the fish tore line off his reel. Luckily fate was kind, the reel did not over-run, and all went well until he had pulled himself together and was able to play the fish on level terms. The fight lasted 1½ hours, and the youngster, with his light tackle, won and triumphantly landed the salmon, which weighed 9 lb.

Pike versus Trout-Rod.

Plenty of pike have been taken by anglers while trout-fishing. The pike seize the hooked trout, and either will not or cannot leave go. An angler on the Welsh Dee, near Bangor, had this experience recently; but as his pike was an unusually large one—23 lb.—the event is worth recording. Having neither gaff nor net, the angler was fortunate in landing such a heavy fish. He played it for forty minutes, and it is surprising that the fine gut was not bitten through or broken.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

H. S. Hall, best known as the joint-author of Hall and Knight's Elementary Algebra, died on May 3 in his eighty-sixth year. Among anglers he will be remembered for the considerable help he gave to Halford and Marryat in developing dry fly fishing. The last letter I had from Mr. Hall, a year or two ago, was a request for the name of a comfortable hotel where he could get some boat fishing and meet some fellow-anglers.

Another well-known angler of the old school also passed away recently—G. A. B. Dewar, author of "The Book of the Dry Fly."

Capt. Livesay has had trout of 12½ lb. and 10½ lb. from Loch Garry—by trolling, I presume. He also had some nice catches of smaller trout, including two fish of 2¾ lb. apiece.

R. L. MARSTON.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

CONVERSATION PIECE— WITH A LONG-CLOTHES BABY IN A 199-YEAR-OLD ROBE.

This beautiful study of LADY MARY HERBERT and her infant son, ROBIN ARTHUR ELIDYR HERBERT, shows him in the wonderful heirloom robe which he wore for his christening. It is 199 years old, and has been worn by many members of Lord Ilchester's family. Lady Mary Herbert is the Earl of Ilchester's elder daughter, and married Major John Arthur Herbert, Royal Horse Guards, in 1924. Robin, who is their only child, was born on March 5 this year.

THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

No. XVI. JACK BUCHANAN.

With this series "The Sketch" lifts the veil on the worst moments in the lives of some distinguished persons. MR. JACK BUCHANAN, the actor, screen star, and producer, is the sixteenth to go into the "confessional."

A NUMBER of years ago, a slim, dark-haired young man was standing at the side of a bare, drably-lit stage, feeling that life was really not altogether worth living. If anything he could have done could have made the ground open under him and swallow him up, or could he, like Faust, have summoned the devil to appear, snatch him away from where he was, and carry him off to the nether regions, he would eagerly, and with great relief, have done so. The young man in question was Jack Buchanan, and the occasion that was causing him such misery was the first audition he ever attended.

Like so many other men who have achieved greatness in their professions, the beginning of Jack Buchanan's career was beset with bitter disappointments and heart-breaking struggles. For a time it had seemed impossible that he would ever manage to make a start at all on the stage. Time after time his efforts to obtain work had merely resulted in his being told that "they would let him know"—which is the theatrical employer's unvarying equivalent of a firm refusal.

One day he had read an advertisement for a smart young man to do a song and dance between two variety turns at a music hall in one of the less central districts of London. He had applied for the job, and had been rewarded with a request that he should attend an audition to prove his capabilities. Jack Buchanan knew very little about dancing in those days, but by frequent visits to the gallery of a London music-hall where the redoubtable Eugene Stratton was performing, he had gained a fair idea of the sort of thing that was wanted. Incorporating as many of Eugene Stratton's steps as he could remember, he had arranged himself a "routine" which he had assiduously practised in the two days before the audition. He had been nervous when he had entered the theatre, but now, waiting for his turn among a hundred other men, young, and some, tragically enough, old, who were there on the same errand as he, he knew for the first time the feeling of real, acute terror.

MR. JACK BUCHANAN, the popular actor, producer, and screen actor, who is successfully appearing in the title-rôle of "Mr. Whittington," at the London Hippodrome, is the sixteenth to disclose his secret in "THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE" series for the benefit of "Sketch" readers. He was born in 1891, and made his first appearance on the stage in Glasgow in 1912, and his London début in the same year, as M. Deschamps in "The Grass Widow." He first came into prominence when he toured as Dudley Mitten in "To-Night's the Night." He went into management on his own account in 1922, and made many successes both here and in America, including various editions of Charlot's Revue, "Sunny," "Stand Up and Sing," etc. He began his film career with "The Happy Ending," and has played lead in a number of pictures.

"Mr. Buchanan," somebody called suddenly.

Never had his name sounded less sweet to him. It was his turn. He was violently tempted to run from the place, but that divine faith that all actors develop so quickly in the one chance in a thousand held him back. Who knew what this audition might not lead to? Anyhow, the odds were only about a hundred to one. So, instead of fleeing, Jack Buchanan walked from the sanctuary of the crowd in the wings right to the isolation of the centre of the stage, pausing to give a bored pianist his music on the way and trying to look as unconcerned as possible.

But in his heart there was real fear. Never had he felt himself so cut off from his fellow-creatures. He could dimly see one or two faces in the stalls of an otherwise empty theatre. They belonged to his judges—who were going to decide his fate. On either side of him in the wings he could feel eyes were staring at him—curious eyes, jealous eyes, willing him to do badly so that their owners might have a better chance. Jack Buchanan sang and danced, becoming more depressed as he progressed. The pianist was banging his music out at the wrong *tempo* and the piano was flat; his voice sounded flat; and in his nervousness he forgot most of his dance and had to improvise. The end of his performance left him with the one desire to get off the stage and out of the theatre as quickly as possible. A voice was speaking to him from the stalls—Jack Buchanan barely bothered to listen—he knew he had failed. He started to walk off the stage, but the voice called him back. "Mr. Buchanan, I said that would be all right. You will open first house on Monday. . . . Band rehearsal at ten o'clock in the morning."

He gasped. The one chance in a hundred had come off—he'd got the job—three weeks at a pound a week. It seemed a fortune to him—then. The days passed. Jack Buchanan spent them in rehearsing his song and practising his dance; there must be no "drying up" at the first performance. Monday morning came, and with it the band rehearsal. He had made up his mind to rehearse at least an hour with the band, so that his music should be perfect. Therefore he received rather a shock when the musical director barely took any notice of him. "That's all right; one verse, one refrain vocal, three dance refrains, schottische time—next number," was all the conductor commented, and all the rehearsal Jack Buchanan had with the band which was going to make or mar him that night.

But he need not have worried at the apparent lack of interest. Music-hall orchestras are used to young men doing songs and dances, and can adapt themselves almost magically to every type of performer. And, indeed, that night Jack Buchanan could find nothing wrong in the band's accompaniment of him. As he sang, he wondered at his own calmness. He didn't feel a bit nervous now—just now, while waiting in the wings for his turn, he'd had a pretty bad second or two; but now, with the make-up on his face and the lights focussed on him, it seemed much easier—he felt he was being splendid. His dance was going nicely, too—orchestra just right, and he was remembering every step. He wondered if he'd be a *furore* and "stop the show"—perhaps he'd have to make a speech and be offered a big contract.

But he was not, at that time, sensitive enough to an audience's reaction, and he went blithely on, quite unaware of the growing restlessness his performance was causing. It was not till—*clink!*—a penny thrown from the gallery dropped at his feet that he realised things were not, after all, going quite so smoothly. The penny was followed up by a deluge of missiles, carefully saved up for the occasion by an audience who only waited for such an opportunity.

Jack Buchanan had "got the bird"—he fully realised that, with the mixed emotions of surprise and fury, as he desperately kept on dancing, striving to dodge, at the same time, the heavier missiles. *Crash!* — everything went black momentarily in front of Jack Buchanan's eyes, and he staggered under the impact of the roller of the curtain, which the stage manager had hastily rung down to end what was fast becoming a riot.

He rallied himself. He could hear a roar from the audience—they were laughing and cheering. How he ever got off that stage Jack Buchanan never knew, but, as he was making his way to his dressing-room, dazed by the blow and his own failure, he heard the theatre manager call his name—he knew what was coming. "All right, I know; you don't have to tell me."

But the manager was smiling. "You were a flop all right. But look here, if—and only if—you let us drop that curtain on you every night, you can stay." Yes; once Jack Buchanan was so poor that he had to consent to be almost brained twice a night for a pound a week.

CYRIL BUTCHER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER NORTH.

CAVALIER AND PURITAN FOR THE PAGEANT OF PARLIAMENT.

The HON. MRS. DROGO MONTAGU (formerly Miss Tanis Guinness; left) and MISS TERESA JUNGMAN will take the part of a Cavalier lady and a Puritan maid in the Pageant of Parliament at the Albert Hall, from June 29 to July 21. Their costumes look exactly alike in this photograph, but the Cavalier lady's dress is brightly coloured, while that of the Puritan maid is sober black.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

THE Playing Fields Ball was the most successful of charity dances—for it managed to capture the private-party atmosphere, and be intimate as well as grand. It was grand because the Duke and Duchess of York came, after having dined with Lord and Lady Derby; it was intimate because nearly all the guests seemed to know each other well.

For instance, when the lovely Mrs. Marshall Field arrived, she tripped across the room, dropped a graceful curtsey to their Royal Highnesses, leant over Lord Derby to greet him, and perched herself on the arm of the chair in which Princess Marina of Greece was sitting.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Marshall Field is nearly always the prettiest person to be seen. She is often also the most amusingly dressed. At the Playing Fields Ball, her green frock was made of printed stuff covered with white spots and rings in a jolly design. Lady Stanley is invariably tailor-made by day, and even at night she chooses such simple, "streamlined" models that there's a suggestion of the *costume tailleur* about them. They suit her, though, and prove that there are good-lookers who should avoid furbelows and femininity.

. . . . . .

"Lionel" Portarlington's reputation as being the best company in London is still unassailed. He was in tremendous form at the Playing Fields Ball, and kept Lady Durham smiling all the time when they were dancing together. Lord Beatty was doing a speed-record waltz round the ball-room with Lady de Trafford, and Lord Westmorland kept going well also. The Duke and Duchess of York obviously enjoyed the cabaret. Her Royal Highness was vastly amused when the Three Sailors formed themselves into a kind of caterpillar, and the Duke's hearty laugh was heard.

MISS JEAN SALMOND, MISS LILI DAMITA, the actress and screen star, and MISS O'MALLEY-KEYES posed for this snapshot after a lunch party.

. . . . .

Miss Lavinia Strutt, who came with Lord and Lady Rosebery, is growing very like her mother, though she is rather more blonde. Lady Elizabeth Paget was with both her parents. She's an attractive girl, with a dark, rather unruly mop of curls, and obviously she was bound to have a generous share of charm if there's anything in heredity! Lady Anglesey is an enchanting woman. Her white lock of hair is a great asset, and she arranges her coiffure so as to get full value out of it. It's twined dramatically in and out of a dark lock.

. . . . . .

The "faithful" who turn up (punctually, you'll note, and in full evening dress, even on the 5.15 nights) at Covent Garden for the "Ring" Cycle include Lady Howe, Lady Cunard, Lady Bonham-Carter, Lady Gainsborough, and Mrs. Cartwright. Our royal enthusiasts, Princess Marie Louise and Princess Helena Victoria, were reinforced at the first performance of "Götterdämmerung" by the Princess Royal. She settled herself in good time in the Royal Box, with the obvious intention of enjoying every note, and came again next night for "Fidelio."

LADY MILBANKE is here seen showing her charming pet dog to the DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND after the Committee Meeting at Lady Cunard's house in connection with the Derby Ball, on June 5, in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital.

Other family parties on Monday were Mrs. Glasgow and her daughter, Lady Howe and hers, and Sir Peter Norton-Griffiths with his mother and unmarried sister, whom I met proceeding to dinner in the interval, with Violet Lady Melchett.

. . . . . .

We have a good supply of young Wagnerians in our midst. Lady Georgiana Curzon is as keen as her mother; Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell, just back from her trip to India, doesn't mind going alone; and Miss Penelope Dudley Ward does not regard opera-going as a mere social duty. The elders, indeed, have to keep their end up over Wagner enthusiasm. Some of them know how to do it, too, like the elderly gentleman who, when asked if he had been often to the "Ring," replied: "No; only about twenty-five times, I think."

. . . .

After "Fidelio" and the "Ring"—"Schwanda." Well, we can't complain of lack of variety! Also, it must be a great relief to a great many of the subscribers that "modern" music can be so tuneful. Another remarkable thing about the opera was the agility and grace with which Schwanda (Herr Schoeffler) took part in the ballet; both he and the heroine, Dorota (Viorica Ursuleac), are most admirable dancers—a quality not expected in great singers. The ballet was extremely well carried out, and the

The EARL and COUNTESS OF INCHCAPE are here seen taking a stroll. They have just left London for a Mediterranean cruise.

MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD and the MARQUIS DE CASA MAURY were snapped out walking in May sunshine. The Marquis de Casa Maury arranged a world's premier presentation of the film "Rapt" at the Curzon last night, May 15

LADY BEARSTED is here reviewing her helpers for Lifeboat Day, which was yesterday, Tuesday, May 15. They are (from left to right) MISS Z. SNAGGE, MISS A. SNAGGE, MISS C. TERRY, MISS J. TERRY, MISS P. STOCK, LADY SANDHURST, and LORD SANDHURST.

corps de ballet was admirable. The dress rehearsal, to say nothing of the première—which I can't write about, as this went to press too early—had a small but interesting audience, which included Lady Cunard, who sat in the stalls and took in everything with a musical ear and a critical eye, as she is one of the Covent Garden directors; and Mr. Arnold Bax, who presence was due to his interest in music.

As the opera is set in fairyland, there is full scope for fantasy in the costumes. They are gay and amusing! Scots, by the way, will be disappointed. The hero is a bagpiper, but the skirl of his instrument is not featured in the score.

. . . . . .

My list of beautiful mothers includes Clare Lady Cowley, who looked her best at a dance the other night in pink chiffon; Lady Helen Nutting, who was equally decorative in a dark blue velvet with a sweeping train. She has snow-white hair as the becoming frame to a young and pretty face. Lady Rosebery looks splendid in a ball-room, too. Her five rows of pearls, worn with a white frock and a little circular cape of saxe blue, quilted all over and turned over with a collar of silver lamé, send her to the top of the dress class for grown-ups.

. . . .

It takes a really good cause, as well as good music, to fill the Queen's Hall with an evening-dress audience. At the Queen Charlotte's Hospital Celebrity Gala, it looked a very different place from its usual quiet concert self. Horowitz played superbly. Conchita Supervia's white dress was decoratively Edwardian. She carried a small fan instead of a bouquet (though she had plenty to choose from!), and used it for the gestures in the group of Spanish songs, which suited her so well.

. . . .

Spotlights in the audience. Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnson's white foxes are the most dazzlingly snowy in London.

Mrs. Robert Jenkinson's pink satin opera coat, with chinchilla collar, is prettier than the fashionable taffeta affairs; and Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger's grey organdie has that "out of the band-box" air I admire so much.

Mrs. Arnold Henderson and Mrs. Alec Henderson have very similar black velvet opera cloaks with white collars. They went to the concert together, but had not got "the night off," as they were going to fetch their respective daughters from a ball.

MLLE. YONNIE DUBOIS, as Louchenka, and MLLE. PAULE DORMANS, as Douklida, in a scene from "CRIME ET CHÂTIMENT," the play based on Dostoievsky's famous novel, which was due to begin its short season at the New Theatre on Monday last, May 14.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Keynes (she was Lydia Lopokova) are members of what is known as the "Bloomsbury" set, and consequently friends of Mr. Duncan Grant, so I was not surprised to see them looking at his pictures with all the interest they deserve. They are brilliant, and have drawn high praise from Mr. Kenneth Clark, the Director of the National Gallery, who says that his greatest gifts are freshness and lyrical grace. His subject-pictures include one called "The Pupil." It's a back view of Viola Tree's girl, Virginia Parsons, who is learning to be a stage decorator and had some lessons from Duncan Grant.

. . . . .

Miss Margaret Morris was another private-viewer. She's so exceptionally busy now, what with her schools in London and Paris, that she's not often seen at exhibitions. But as Mrs. Lambert is an old friend of hers (she trained her as a dancer several years ago), and as she's interested in modern art, she made a special effort and came in before catching a train to Bristol, where she went to lecture on her exercises and the benefits to health and figure which her method can confer. Lady Patricia Ramsay, though herself an artist, is not addicted to private views, but is such an admirer of Duncan Grant's work that she made a point of coming

. . .

Mrs. Maurice Lambert, very blonde and good-looking, spent her afternoon between her husband's exhibition on the first floor and the Duncan Grant one below. "Marine Group" is one of the most interesting exhibits of Mr. Lambert's works. It's just the sort of thing, at first glance, to exasperate the old-fashioned; but if even the most ardent supporter of the representational school would look at it for a few minutes, he'd realise that not only is it interesting on account of its design, but that it is quite easy to see what it represents!

The striking staircase scene is one of the features of "CRIME ET CHÂTIMENT," which Ronald Adam has brought from Paris.

. . . .

Lady Carisbrooke is genuinely interested in art. She opened Ernest Pierce's Exhibition of Cornish pictures at the Greatorex Gallery last week. The private view was great fun, for Lamorna Birch turned up and kept everybody in fits of laughter with his funny stories. In fact, he distracted our attention from Mr. Pierce's lovely seascapes! However, not for long—our wandering eyes soon went back to the walls.

. . . .

Miss Delia Loyd is most fortunate. Her mother's cousin, Lord Allendale, not only lent his lovely Piccadilly mansion for Mrs. Loyd's ball, but gave Miss Delia a beautiful diamond bracelet *and* an evening bag. The dance was a good one. Most of the girls wore pale blue, including Miss Primrose Salt, Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes, Miss Denis Yarde-Buller, and Miss Daphne Mulholland.

MARIEGOLD.

SPOT - LIGHTS AT THE BIG BEN BALL.

The "Big Ben" Ball, in aid of the Conservative and Unionist Films Association, took place at Grosvenor House last week. MISS JULIA LLEWELLYN, MR. RATHBONE, and MR. BLACKWELL are in conversation.

MR. SAMUEL STOREY, M.P., MRS. SAMUEL STOREY, and MR. LONGDEN obviously found the party amusing.

MR. and MRS. SCHREIBER came to the dance together. He is a grandson of the late Lord Faringdon.

The HON. MRS. NALL-CAIN, LORD REMNANT, MR. W. COX, and MISS E. BUGLE were amused by the different parlour games which could be played. Mrs. Nall-Cain is Lord Brocket's daughter-in-law.

MISS MOUNTAIN and MR. H. E. P. WILKIN at supper.

The HON. MRS. SOMERSET MAXWELL, daughter-in-law of Lord Farnham, wore a fascinating crystal necklace. She is talking to MR. BARTLE BULL.

GRAN'POP GETS HIS OWN BACK AFTER BEING LEFT OUT OF "THE SKETCH" BEAUTY NUMBER, BY HOLDING HIS OWN BEAUTY SHOW.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

"REUNION IN VIENNA."

ALFRED LUNT and his wife, the fascinating LYNN FONTANNE, play opposite to each other in "Reunion in Vienna," at the Lyric. They are celebrated stage lovers. This is their famous scene in the second act, as Sherriffs sees it.

CARICATURES BY SHERRIFFS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER NORTH.

READY FOR THE FIRST COURT.

LADY GLORIA VAUGHAN, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne, is one of the most important débutantes of the year. She is here posed in the lovely dress she will wear for her presentation at the first Court, last night, Tuesday, May 15. She inherits her dark beauty from her mother, who is the elder daughter of Don Julio de Bittencourt, the well-known Chilean diplomat.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MLLE. LILY PONS shatters the belief that prima donnas must be bulky, for she is only 5 ft. 2 in. in height and weighs exactly seven stone! She arranged to appear at the Albert Hall on Sunday last, May 13. She is French by birth, and twenty-six years of age. She created a sensation in New York when she made her Metropolitan Opera House début in "Lucia di Lammermoor" and sang the mad scene in F, a whole tone higher than usual.

AT the "Gaiety Days" Ball last night (May 15), famous artists arranged to repeat successes with which they were associated in the past. MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD, the original "Gibson Girl," planned to wear the actual black velvet dress in which she made her celebrated "hit."

MLLE. LILY PONS (here seen with Herr Richard Tauber)—FOR BEING "THE MIGHTY ATOM OF THE CONCERT PLATFORM."

MR. J. G. W. DAVIES, the Cambridge bowler, got Don Bradman out for a duck with his third ball at Cambridge. This was the first occasion on which the famous Australian had failed to score in England.

COUNCILLOR A. KEMPE, who had been rehearsing the part of Hengist in a pageant, had no time to change before attending the quarterly meeting of the Ramsgate Borough Council. He was asked by the Mayor to withdraw and resume ordinary attire, though Hengist, a Chief of the Jutes, was joint founder with Horsa of the Kingdom of Kent!

MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD (the original Gibson Girl)—FOR THUS INTRODUCING HER GIBSON GIRL TO THE SPIRIT OF THE OLD GAIETY.

J. G. W. DAVIES—FOR INTRODUCING DON BRADMAN TO HIS FIRST ENGLISH DUCK.

HENGIST, founder of Kent—FOR PERMITTING THE MAYOR OF RAMSGATE TO ORDER HIM OUT OF A COUNCIL IN HIS KINGDOM.

PROFESSOR C. V. BOYS—FOR DREAMING A MACHINE FOR MEASURING THE VALUE OF GAS CONSUMED.

FEW people would imagine that dreams play any part in the invention of scientific apparatus. PROFESSOR C. V. BOYS, however, informed a gathering of experts at the Imperial College of Science that he had seen in a dream a new instrument for measuring the value of gas used for public consumption. He had risen at six o'clock in the morning and started to put his dream into concrete form.

MR. GEORGE ROBEY gave his famous burlesque of a German musical "professor" at the Royal Command Performance at the London Palladium before their Majesties. He appeared at the first Command Variety Performance twenty-two years ago. Mr. Robey plays this particular act in "pidgin" German. At his first words his Majesty the King began to laugh; then he turned and whispered to her Majesty, and continued to register amusement throughout the performance. It will be remembered that the Herr Professor only plays the simplest of his many instruments, the drum!

MR. GEORGE ROBEY (here seen in his German Musical Professor act during the Command Variety Performance)—FOR BEING EVEN MORE SUCCESSFUL AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM SHOW OF THE OTHER NIGHT THAN HE WAS IN THE FIRST COMMAND VARIETY SHOW TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CONSOLE.

HELL AT COVENT GARDEN.

The third act of "SCHWANDA," the opera by Weinberger, which had its premier presentation in London at Covent Garden on Friday last, May 11, is set in Hell. This is the effective scene in the nether regions. Herr Paul Schoeffler, who plays the title-rôle, has never before been heard in London. Viorica Ursuleac, the prima donna, who will also be heard in the new Strauss opera, "Arabella," sang the leading woman's part of Dorota.

SUNLIGHT AND FOAM O

Andrée and Gaston, the well-known dancers, have often shown us their perfect grace in action on the stage. They are now disclosing their system of body-culture, so that others can learn their secrets of poise and harmonious movement. A pupil is STRETCHING UP TO BEAUTY.

REPOSE is essential for loveliness, so a rest-room is part of the Culture Salon for building the Body Beautiful.

THE BENEFICIAL SUN-PARLOUR; with ultra-violet ray massage in progress.

A view of THE DRESSING-CUBICLES,
are combi

ON THE ROAD TO BEAUTY.

FLOOR EXERCISES for grace are part of the comfortable and harmonious method.

Aphrodite rose from the foam of the sea; but modern beauty is renewed by MEDICATED FOAM.

S, where economy of space and comfort nbined.

THE BATH OF FOAM is a lovely experience which Mlle. Andrée herself enjoys, as here seen.

SIX - SECTION - STAGE COMEDY: "SHE LOVES ME NOT."

Six stages, all simultaneously set, are used in "She Loves Me Not." They are lit up in turn, as the action moves from one to another.

"SHE LOVES ME NOT" is the high-speed U.S.A. comedy at the Adelphi. MISS VERA MARSHE plays the dancer, Curley Flagg, who is put in jail in her exiguous dancing kit, after being arrested in Princeton College.

In the upper floor may be seen CLINTON SUNDBERG as Phillip Laval, HOWARD PHILLIPS as Paul Lawton, and BRODERICK CRAWFORD as Henry Broughton (l. to r.); while on the lower VERA MARSHE, who plays Curley Flagg, and GEOFFREY BRYANT, who is Buzz Jones, are practising dancing. The rooms are both in Princeton College, where Curley has taken refuge from the police, who want her as witness in a murder case.

The characters are: Andy (PETER MATHER), Augustus McNeal (WILLIAM HARRIGAN), Dean Mercer (EDWARD FIELDING), and Curley Flagg (VERA MARSHE), (l. to r.). The Dean has been knocked out, and the publicity men are posing him with a pistol in his hand in order to get a startling picture.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BIRD.

ORIEL ROSS

IN HER "TOUCH WOOD" BATHING-SUIT.

"TOUCH WOOD," the new play by C. L. Anthony (Miss Dodie Smith), is due at the Haymarket to-night, Wednesday, May 16. The scene is set almost entirely in a village "pub" on the north-west coast of Scotland; but there is one scene on a rock. MISS ORIEL ROSS plays Vera Berridge.

(Right) "DIVORCE BREAKFAST" is one of the entertaining scenes in "WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?", the Palace Theatre revue. Nelson Keys (standing) is the ex-wife's father, who is speaking of "this momentous occasion in a girl's life." Florence Desmond (ex-wife), Dudley Rolf (ex-husband), and Polly Luce (co-respondent) are seen (l. to r.) next to "Bunch" Keys.

NELSON KEYS—disguised as Byng Crosby, the crooner—is here giving "Lend a Little Ear," while FLORENCE DESMOND and GRETA NISSEN obey.

In the number "ALL-STAR BREAKFAST," FLORENCE DESMOND and NELSON KEYS relieve that "breakfast when you're married" feeling by impersonating film stars with brilliant rapidity! Desmond is doing a "Christina" moment of Greta Garbo's, while "Bunch" Keys as Gordon Harker butts in on her rhapsodies.

In "TESSA, VANESSA, AND EGBERT," Gina Malo, Nelson Keys, and Florence Desmond appear as three bored moderns who find distraction—not in Huxley, Shaw, or Botticelli, but in Mickey Mouse!

Florence Desmond and Nelson Keys achieve a wonderfully convincing reconstruction of Victorian stars in "OLD-TIME VARIETY." Florence Desmond's hips and her extreme gentility are particularly well in the period.

"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" MODERNS AND VICTORIANS.

In Furs — it's Ermine

in Tyres it's Goodyear

There are degrees of excellence. The Heavy Duty All-Weather Tread tyre by Goodyear was designed to the very highest that could be attained. A year or two ago such a tyre would have been impossible to make. It is built without regard to cost. It is a far better tyre than normal use requires; a tyre made for people who are accustomed to enjoy the finest.

It is silent-running, long-wearing, with Double Safety—safety against skids; safety against bursts.

Every day its reputation increases as knowledge of its worth is spread.

GOODYEAR BRITISH MADE TYRES | FACTORY AT WOLVERHAMPTON

Whether you prefer a plain or cork-tipped cigarette, smoke the best

LOOK FOR THE BLUE CORNERS ON CORK-TIPPED PACKETS

PLAYER'S

PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

NCC.160.E.

MICK THE MILLER AS A FILM STAR!

MICK THE MILLER, the famous racing greyhound, has become a film actor! He is featured in the name-part of the new sporting melodramatic Gainsborough picture, "WILD BOY," at the Capitol. MR. SONNIE HALE plays the rôle of the hero. He is diving into a river to rescue Wild Boy, who is struggling in the cold water.

MR. SONNIE HALE, in the ice-cold water, is rescuing Wild Boy (MICK THE MILLER).

MISS GWENETH LLOYD is cast for the part of the heroine. She is with MICK THE MILLER and MR. SONNIE HALE in this still.

After being nearly drowned, Wild Boy (MICK THE MILLER) is treated with as much care as his human rescuer, MR. SONNIE HALE! The drama of the film turns on the villain's efforts to prevent Wild Boy from running in a big race.

MICK THE MILLER takes his breakfast like a gentleman, and has a British appetite for eggs! MR. SONNIE HALE is showing him one.

All the greyhound-racing details in "Wild Boy" are correct. Our fine action-still shows the start of a race.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

"SHE LOVES ME NOT," produced at the Adelphi, is not a play—it is a delirium. A cabaret girl feverishly dances in a night club, shots ring out, and a man falls. Black-out! Lights on the lower stage, where a Princeton University student's embryonic romance is suggested by a letter and a photograph. Black-out! In the top-left angle we discover his waspish fiancée, and that idyll is doomed. Back again in the Princeton study, the blonde cabaret dancer enters; we learn her name, and realise Curley will spin her own plot. The six stages flash in and out, spasmodically jerking out this fantastic Odyssey which opens in a speak-easy and closes in a Hollywood glory. There is a feeble attempt to stem the rabble of incidents with a romantic duet at the piano.

MISS FLORENCE DESMOND is one of the attractions of "WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" at the Palace Theatre. Here is a Sherriffs impression of her.

But the vapouring does not last long, for Mr. Howard Lindsay's crowd are in a hurry. What a crowd! College youths, green and gallant; gangsters with guns; movie magnates and big business; publicity fiends and camera-men; a vixenish hoyden; a scheming mother—and always Curley. The dean's daughter's love-making is out of joint in this crazy world, where even the multiple stages grow too small and a cinema comes to the rescue. The action is a whirligig and the dialogue a rasping roar. This all-American company play with the gusto of a tornado, and Mr. William Harrigan detonates his wise-cracks in explosive laughter. Meanwhile, Miss Vera Marshe brings such vitality and rhythm to the vivacious, audacious Curley that we recognise genuine characterisation, and in this crude, high-speed entertainment her performance shines with a cold, sharp brilliance.

Let us escape from strident Broadway to the spacious amplitude of Edwardian upper middle-class society, described by Mr. Granville Barker in "THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE," at Sadler's Wells. There is nothing rattling or specious in this play. Its characterisation is rounded, its dialogue substantial, its story richly alive. There is style in the writing, perception and observation and quality in the thought. Its discursive method is leisurely, growing prolix in the last act, and production should press the pace. Mr. Felix Aylmer draws a convincing portrait of Mr. Voysey, and sets the action moving. His inheritance falls on Mr. Maurice Evans, who sensitively traces the evolution of Edward's character. Though Beatrice and her husband only live on the periphery, Miss Joyce Bland and Mr. Marius Goring make them welcome. How vivid is Mr. Frank Napier's blackmailing clerk! What a genial old punter Mr. O. B. Clarence presents! Every member of this Voysey world is continuously alive, and the distinguished company depicts them with fidelity. Here is a reward for the playgoer, and Sadler's Wells deserves your support.

Frankly, I enjoyed the revival of "THE GEISHA," at the Garrick. It may not be up to date, but the up to date is soon out of date. Is it memory that makes the songs—so prettily sung by Miss Rose Hignell and Mr. Dudley Stevens—so charming? The clock goes back, and all the flowery sentiments and decorations have their own enchantment. Mr. Leo Sheffield is deliciously droll as the Marquis, while Miss Bertha Riccardo and her gay chaperon, Miss Winifred Nathan, keep the fun rippling. And there is always the chorus to sing the familiar refrains, for Sidney Jones's melodies are the magic of the show.

It is the custom not to give away the playwright's secret, and I do not propose to break it. Yet the secret of "THE DARK TOWER," at the Shaftesbury, is the play. What am I to do? Let me say that from the moment Mr. Francis L. Sullivan takes possession of the house as the blackguardly husband, oily, sleek, and vicious, the situation grows more and more fearsome. Miss Edna Best, who appeared so gaily as the actress joyously anticipating her first London production, is suddenly transformed, when she sees the man she believed dead, into a pathetic, will-less, hypnotised creature. Violence was justified, and we echoed the housekeeper's sentiments so amusingly expressed by Miss Winifred Oughton: "He got hid des-serts." But murder on the stage is always near the danger line of being unintentionally funny, and this scene came tremulously near it, in spite of the excellent acting. There were bright passages between Mr. Basil Sidney and Miss Martita Hunt in the opening phases, and Mr. Edgar Norfolk gave a good account of himself. Still, the blight possessed the soul of the young wife, and something had to be done. In the poet's words, "Childe Roland to the dark tower came," and cut the Gordian Knot of mystery. That is the secret, and an effective surprise. Where credibility is strained, the acting and Miss Auriol Lee's production come to the rescue, for this piece of Mr. George S. Kaufman and Mr. Alexander Woollcott is the stuff of melodrama.

MISS GINA MALO is one of the leading members of the cast in "WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?"

Blackmail, doped whisky, hypnotism, murder, and a happy ending are crude materials, but they are dexterously managed, the dialogue is bright, and the surprise effective enough to bring down the curtain to hearty applause.

G. F. H.

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XX.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

MOST people are by now aware that "VIVA VILLA" is not an exhortation to a famous football team, but a quasi-historical film of modern Mexico, with Wallace Beery as the notorious Pancho Villa, that picturesque adventurer who rose from the position of humble *peon* to that of dictator, by means of banditry, murder, and sudden death—a bloodthirsty career which ended in his assassination on the steps of a butcher's shop. In deference partly to the reputation of the star, and partly to the susceptibilities of the present Mexican Government, the producers have taken care that emphasis shall be laid, not on the inevitable brutalities of such a story, but on its more romantic and exhilarating aspects; and the hero is shown not as a marauding outlaw in search of loot, but as the saviour of his people, the great leader whose only aim is to free the down-trodden *peons* from a ruthless oppressor—having as a boy seen his own father whipped to death before his very eyes, and thereupon dedicated his life to a sacred vengeance. Even so, the director is hard put to it to condone the ill-treatment of women and wholesale massacre of prisoners, which he would have us believe are just the laughable naughtinesses of a playful ogre, and it requires all Mr. Beery's engaging charm to persuade us that a heart of gold lies beneath this ferocious exterior. He nevertheless contrives to be a most likable rascal, fighting and making love with immense gusto, with his faithful lieutenant, Leo Carrillo, never far from his side. The part of the Yankee newspaper man, originally intended for Lee Tracy, is played by Stuart Erwin, and Henry B. Walthall gives a fine study of the idealistic President Madero. The grand scale of the whole production, with its personnel of over 10,000, should ensure yet another success for the Empire.

I have no hesitation in predicting that "THE SCARLET EMPRESS" will be the greatest screen attraction in the West End for many weeks to come. In the first place, this new picture at the Carlton marks the return of Marlene Dietrich under the direction of Josef von Sternberg, who has been responsible for her most successful productions. Then, all who have already seen Elisabeth Bergner's portrayal of Catherine the Great will be curious to see what another star of international fame will make of this notorious Empress; and, lastly, because the film itself is

MISS GRETA NISSEN, the blonde Norwegian dancer and actress, is one of the attractions of the new Palace revue.

so vivid, so packed with action, and so satisfying to the eye, with its settings of semi-barbaric splendour and the imaginative photography of Bert Glennon. The story traces the history of the German Princess Sophia, later to be renamed Catherine by the Russians, from a sternly disciplined childhood to a *gauche* adolescence, when romantic dreams fade in the disillusionment of her loveless marriage to the imbecile Grand Duke Peter, till the Catherine of history emerges, a defiant creature, confident in her power over men, choosing her lovers always as a bribe to their allegiance and with a view to her final purpose. In a film which offers more scope and more pitfalls than many of her previous rôles, Miss Dietrich compels admiration. Though a little ill at ease in the earlier stages, when she depicts a crude rather than an ingenuous girl, as Catherine's character matures, her acting grows in assurance, up to the climax of her victory and Peter's downfall, when, in an unforgettable scene, she is shown tolling the bell which rings news of her triumph to all Moscow. The Grand Duke of

MR. NELSON KEYS, popularly known as "Bunch," is leading laughter-maker in "WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" at the Palace Theatre. Photographs of him in some of the different guises he assumes in the course of the revue will be found on another page.

Sam Jaffe is a sustained study of criminal feeble-mindedness, while the Empress Elizabeth of Louise Dresser also bears the authentic touch.

To the Curzon comes "RAPT" (which translates as "Captured"), and is the first talking-picture to come from Switzerland. It is based on the novel "La Separation des Races," by C. F. Ramuz, who also assisted in the production of the film, much of which took place at the scene of its inspiration in the Bernese Oberland. The story relates the growth of a feud between the inhabitants of two mountain villages, each speaking a different language, whose mutual antagonism is fomented by a series of incidents at first trivial, but rapidly increasing in significance until the final great catastrophe is precipitated. The simple lives of these peasants seem swayed by an inevitable destiny which drives them helplessly towards disaster, and against the serene background of the mountains, on whose sunny slopes the peaceful cattle browse unconcerned, the human drama assumes a greater poignancy. The development of the theme is slow but purposeful; there is nothing superfluous in this production, which stresses the mental reactions and emotional strife of its characters in the tradition of Continental films. The principal rôles are played by Dita Parlo, already well known in this country, and Vital, who together carry the brunt of the action on competent shoulders. The realistic direction of Kirsanoff is a powerful factor in an interesting presentation, which pursues the experimental policy of the Curzon in appealing to discriminating audiences. B. T.

MISS INA CLAIRE, who plays Marion Froude in "Biography," at the Globe Theatre, wears this simple and beautiful dress of white chiffon over shimmering snowy satin. Two diamond clips catch the material above the waist.

Nigger crinkled crêpe makes this simple afternoon dress, with a hint of the bustle effect in its cut.

The array of short feathers sewn in rows on the scarf-ends gives cachet to Miss Claire's crinkled crêpe dress.

INA CLAIRE AND HER "BIOGRAPHY" FASHIONS.

The tailor-made severity of Miss Claire's checked suit is relieved by a blouse of crêpe-de-Chine with real lace to edge the cuffs and scarf.

A flower on the left shoulder, dark gloves and shoes, add an individual accent to Miss Claire's tailor-made. Her jaunty hat completes the picture.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SASHA.

She said to me—If the picture's sold, there's a red label on the glass . . !

I said to her—If the whisky's old, there's a Red Label on the bottle . . !

JOHNNIE WALKER . . . BORN 1820 . . . STILL GOING STRONG . . !

DRAWINGS BY DANA.

BERGNER — OF THE ROYAL RETURN.

MISS ELISABETH BERGNER returned to the Apollo Theatre last week to resume her part of Gemma Jones in Miss Margaret Kennedy's play "Escape Me Never," after an absence of some weeks on account of illness. "The Times" states that her return had the quality of a royal restoration, so great is the enthusiasm which her genius rouses in London. She is equally remarkable as Gemma the waif on the stage and as Catherine the Great in the London Film Productions picture. Our drawings show her in both rôles. She is going to America in a few months' time to appear in "Escape Me Never" there; and is due at Stratford-on-Avon next year to play Shakespearean parts.

From the flat roof of the Park Lane Hotel, Piccadilly, you could see a magnificent view of London. But the patrons of the Hotel rarely think of the view or the roof above them. They are too happily occupied with the comfort surrounding them, the excellence of the food and wine, the perfection of "Polly" Pollock's cocktails. Polly is the senior Barman, in service and experience. He knows the importance of the Gin to begin with, and he begins with Booth's.

Real Cocktails begin with

BOOTH'S The Only Matured DRY GIN

Willing

DOLORES DEL RIO'S HOLLYWOOD "MADAME DUBARRY."

1. MISS DOLORES DEL RIO is playing the name-part in First National's "Madame Dubarry," which is now being made in Hollywood. She wears this pink satin brocaded dress in the part.
2. The setting for the film is most elaborate, and includes this reproduction of Boucher's famous picture of Madame de Pompadour.
3. LOUIS XV.'S STUDY has been correctly reproduced for "Madame Dubarry."
4. DOLORES DEL RIO has the most important starring opportunity of her career as Madame Dubarry. Reginald Owen plays Louis XV.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY

OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

The new bathing suits have brassière tops tucked in the centre and at the sides, so that they exert a most kindly influence on the figure. The one worn by the seated girl is made on these lines, in turquoise blue and white with black straps. In fancy knit wool, it has great elasticity, and it costs 30s. With the silver shoes it comes from Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, W.

For sun-bathing brassières and shorts are firm favourites—but they are only for the slender. If you have a roll of fat around your middle you will have to exercise vigorously before choosing a two-piece garment. The suit on the left is made in fancy knit wool in white and sky blue, or in red and white. It costs 18s. 11d. at Swan and Edgar's. The string-soled shoes have webbing straps.

BARNABY STUDIOS

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

RE-READING D. H. Lawrence's short stories, one is struck anew by their vitality, their vividness, their originality. These qualities are possessed by all the stories, bad as well as good; by the rather ridiculous "Glad Ghosts," for instance, and by the profound and touching "Ladybird." They are the qualities which give life to literature, though they do not necessarily make for artistic perfection. Lawrence was not a realist in the ordinary sense of the term. There was a strong streak of symbolism in his nature. The longer he wrote the more evident this symbolism becomes. His characters fall into certain categories, and these categories in their turn contract and grow ever more exclusive. There is the woman—often an American—who has strong sexual impulses, but refrains, for one reason or another, from gratifying them. There is the educated, sensitive, intelligent man, who appeals to the woman's superficial, civilised self, but cannot touch or satisfy her deeper instincts. And there is the man who acts as his foil — a peasant or a bull-fighter, perhaps; primitive, inarticulate, but *très homme,* to whom the woman longs to give herself, even if she does not.

With repetition, these types become as familiar as the *dramatis personæ* of a fairy-tale. They hold few surprises for us; if we do not know how they will act, we know how they will feel. They are presented in scores of different circumstances, in England, in Mexico, in Italy, and are portrayed with the utmost realism, but *plus ça change* . . . they are always the same people. They never become wooden, because they are always intensely responsive to impressions and sensations. Lawrence uses them to register his sensory perceptions, especially his appreciation of beauty in things and persons. This was, perhaps, the most vivid possessed by any novelist, and it constantly renewed itself. In fact, his senses seem to have been re-born every day. But in the matter of emotional experience he soon ceased to be a pioneer and was content to follow in his old tracks.

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ, the great pianist, was one of the artists who gave their services at the concert in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. He was the soloist at the London Musical Festival concert on May 9.

GREGOR PIATIGORSKY, the fine 'cellist, played at the Gala Celebrity Concert in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. H.R.H. Princess Beatrice was present, and the audience was both brilliant and enthusiastic.

MISS DORIS ZINKEISEN'S landscape, "Mevagissey Harbour," is a charming picture of an old Cornish fishing village. It is on view in the Royal Academy.

Lawrence's Limitations.

His art suffered impoverishment thereby. In his first period, the period of "The Prussian Officer" and "The Thorn in the Flesh," he was feeling his way; he had not yet learnt to take the line of least resistance, to adapt his vision to the requirements of his temperament. He was interested in the psychology of sexual love, but he had not yet made it his province. And in his early studies of life among miners he shows a breadth of sympathy, a willingness to explore new avenues of experience, which he afterwards lost. The dialogue, for instance, in "Tickets, Please" (in other respects as morbid a story as one could wish) is marvellously racy and fresh. It has a reality and importance of its own, as has the war-time setting. Lawrence was still getting his material, as it were, from outside. Later (say in "The Virgin and the Gipsy") one feels that the whole story, circumstances, setting and all, is a fantasy begotten of his besetting preoccupation with certain aspects of sex; he no longer gets inspiration from outside; he is like an artist who paints landscapes in a studio, from photographs or from memory.

CONCHITA SUPERVIA, the famous Spanish prima donna, sang at the Celebrity Concert in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. Among other songs, she gave the original Lezione di Canto from Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." She also arranged to sing at the Albert Hall on Friday before their Majesties.

His Later Work.

His later work has perhaps more intensity than his earlier; it shows a more definite purpose, it goes straighter to the mark. But it is also more limited and (though of no one but himself) more imitative. At least half of ordinary human experience has become dead ground to his vision; he only sees, with increasing clearness, one single tract. His characters are denuded of individuality; they express themselves only in alternations of frustration and desire. Everyone undergoes this experience, and Lawrence's insistence on it does not detract from the universality of his work. But

[Continued on page xiv.

"Girl Playing the Violin," by DUNCAN GRANT, is a portrait of Angelica, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. Vanessa Bell, the artist. It is on view at the Lefevre Galleries.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. ALEX REID AND LEFEVRE.

Our Crossword Puzzle is on page XIV.

A. SUPERB COUNTRY CLUB 12½ MILES FROM MARBLE ARCH !

A bird's-eye view of Aldenham House Club, a magnificent red-brick mansion in the heart of the country, yet only twelve-and-a-half miles from Hyde Park and reached by road in half an hour.

THIS country club I am going to talk about has taken over the most perfectly built and furnished country house probably in the Home Counties—Aldenham House, with over 300 acres of park and gardens, and yet within 12½ miles of the Marble Arch. It is not merely within 12½ miles of the Marble Arch: it can be reached within half an hour from door to door. Unlike most of our crowded main arteries out of London, you can go there *via* Baker Street, Hampstead, Golder's Green, and the Watford By-pass without having even to negotiate tram-lines. It is a straight drive out, and you leave the by-pass at the circle and go almost into Elstree, to enter the Club by one or other of its beautiful drives, one taking you over an ornamental lake.

Aldenham House was for years the country residence of Mr. Vicary Gibbs, M.P., one of the partners of the banking house of Antony Gibbs and Sons in the City, who spent thousands on the gardens and grounds alone. In this country club, the Aldenham House Club, you can play polo, you can hunt, you can hack over hundreds of acres with jumps; you can play lawn tennis (hard and grass courts) or squash rackets; there is a most intriguing large bathing pool amid a sylvan setting; you can play golf—they are preparing a sporting nine-hole course, but, besides, there are famous golf clubs quite close—and a private aerodrome has been opened on a big field near by, so that members can fly to and fro. The rides through the copses or down the grass avenues are probably unsurpassed anywhere in this or any other country residence.

Indoors you find the most luxurious and lovely suites of club rooms, but with the most modern requirements, like the London Cocktail Bar or the Yellow Lounge, with its delicate, modernised appurtenances. You find panelled walls and oil portraits of the Gibbs family over centuries. You find drawing-rooms with huge lounges and a vista of acres of lovely yew-clipped Dutch gardens and the like. The dining-room, the cuisine, and the service are equal to the best restaurants in the West End—I am not exaggerating—and you can play billiards or cards or dance. What more can soul desire?

There are thirty bed-rooms or suites to let at Aldenham House Club, very moderate in price and largely booked up. Every bed-room has its 'phone, central heating, and hot and cold water. The subscription is 8 guineas for men, 6 guineas for women, special terms for the Services. There is nothing like it anywhere else that I know of. The Club has great charm, personality, and gaiety. It will be all the vogue before the season is through. Membership is limited, so apply to the Secretary at Aldenham House Club, Elstree, for particulars, at once.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

The panelled entrance-hall: it leads to a cocktail bar, lounges, and drawing-rooms. This beautifully furnished club was one of the country seats of Lord Aldenham, the merchant banker.

One of the thirty bed-rooms for members: here is a glimpse of one of them. All have the very latest conveniences, constant hot water, telephone, very comfortable beds, and all are richly furnished. Many have their own bath-rooms.

Flight-Lieut. Duncanson, the manager of the aerodrome. This country club, amid lovely surroundings and gardens on which a fortune has been spent, has a sixty-acre aerodrome with two hangars for its members. A nine-hole golf-course is under construction.

One of the rides. There are 300 acres of gardens, park, and woodland. There are tennis courts, squash, polo, and rides, with stabling for thirty horses. Also there is a big lake and a new bathing-pool. The subscription to this club is most moderate.

MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

A NEW DAIMLER.

THIS is an unusual time of the year for a new motor-car to make its début, yet, when all is said and done, is not spring the right and proper time for *everything* new to appear? There is unrest in the air. Nature is performing her annual miracle. The buds are bursting, and tiny leaves are opening in the sunshine. The womenfolk are rushing off to buy new clothes. . . .

So this new Daimler "Twenty-five" has really been presented to the public at a very suitable moment. Its fine lines and gleaming coachwork will catch the eye of the limousine owner just at a time when he is thinking that, perhaps, last year's car is beginning to look just a bit shabby. If he looks further into the matter, he will see that this new model from Coventry is very up to date. It is new right through, and has a host of interesting refinements. It is the first British car, I think, which has an automatic, thermostatically controlled choke, which richens or weakens the starting mixture, to just the right extent, according to the temperature under the bonnet.

It requires courage to come out with an eight-cylinder-in-line engine when, one after another, British manufacturers have "dropped" this type of power-unit. But Mr. L. H. Pomeroy, the famous designer and managing director of the Daimler Company, is nothing if not fearless. The "straight-eight" died, he says, because it was prematurely born. It was being put into production when problems peculiar to it—particularly difficulties of carburation—were as yet little understood. Fundamentally, however, it is an excellent type, and when designed and built, as the Daimler had been, after the most careful study of the problems involved, it can be very nearly the perfect engine. In the past, the greatest "snag" has been the difficulty of ensuring an even distribution of mixture to all eight cylinders. Those that were nearest the carburetter got too much "juice," and those that were furthest away got partly starved. So Mr. Pomeroy designed a different kind of crankshaft and a new induction system. The middle of the engine is, in effect, a four-cylinder unit with a normal four-cylinder crank-shaft and a carburetter of its own. The two end cylinders and the cranks beneath them are like the halves of a four-cylinder engine separated by an extremely long centre main bearing.

The cranks of the middle and end "units" are, however, at right-angles, so that an even turning movement is given to the shaft. The end pairs of cylinders are fed, by the way, from a second carburetter—or, rather, the other and quite independent half of a dual carburetter—through an induction-pipe of their own. Taking the chassis as a whole, the eight-cylinder engine has a capacity of 3·75 litres. Next year the tax will only be £21 a year (thanks to Mr. Chamberlain), which is very little for a full-sized, luxurious limousine with an 11 ft. 10 in. wheelbase. Of course, the patent Daimler fluid-flywheel is fitted, and so (equally "of course") is the pre-selective self-changing gear. The chassis is a nice, low job, and gives a flat floor by virtue of a worm drive and a resultant lowness of the propeller-shaft.

Our unusual "close-up" shows a 16-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER HILLMAN "SEVEN" and a smiling motorist posed against the background of a blue Maytime sky, dappled with white clouds.

Although an easy 75 m.p.h. is claimed for the car, speed and power have only been secondary considerations in the designer's mind. He went "all out" for silence and refined running and superlative comfort. At speeds of over a mile a minute, I am told, the ticking of the dashboard clock may be heard. Certainly the car is very, very quiet, as I found when I was taken for a ride up Brockley Hill, which was breasted comfortably at 40 in top, and back *en vitesse* along the Barnet by-pass. It is also unusually comfortable for the back-seat passengers. The springing has been specially studied, a novel feature being the "anti-kick" coil-springs used for the rear shackle of the off-side front springs. The front axle, by the way, is of aluminium alloy, a certain amount of unsprung weight being thus saved. Messrs. Hoopers, the well-known coachbuilders, have co-operated in producing a very handsome and dignified limousine body, a really roomy seven-seater selling complete at £1495. The long, low lines of the chassis and unimpeded body space do, of course, give high-class coachbuilders full scope. They have not been slow in taking advantage of the opportunities offered by the Daimler "Twenty-five."

It should be mentioned that the engine of the new model is of the poppet-valve type. Indeed, the design of the cylinder-head, valve-gear, etc., is an exact replica of that which has given such satisfaction in other of the company's products. A spring bumper of the harmonic stabilising type, similar to that which has for a considerable time been fitted to Rover cars, helps to ensure front-end stability; while an adequately-stayed radiator and exceptionally stiff front wings prevent any radiator or headlamp vibrations. The cooling system is well up to its work, being thermostatically controlled so as to ensure an even running temperature, while a triple belt drives the water-pump, fan, and dynamo.

This photograph illustrates the latest closed car sponsored by those famous motoring partners, Mr. Pass and Mr. Joyce, and is known as the "OPEN-AIR COUPÉ." The attractive lines give an impression of speed and road-worthiness, which are characteristics of the fast "105" TALBOT CHASSIS on which the coupé is fitted. Full vision is allowed all passengers by means of Messrs. Pass and Joyce's patented window-slides, which do away with the central pillar.

The new DAIMLER "TWENTY-FIVE" with HOOPER LIMOUSINE coachwork is a most attractive motor carriage which sells at £1495 complete.

TALBOT

The car illustrated is the Talbot "105" SPECIAL SPORTS SALOON with special coachwork designed by Mr. Pass and Mr. Joyce. This is a really delightful car for long tours as well as work in Town. It has very generous luggage room, and seats from 4/5 in comfort. Full vision to all passengers. Hand controlled shock absorbers. Pre-selective gear standard. Price £825. Other Talbot Models from £395.

• • •

Please write, phone or call for fully illustrated coloured Brochure of standard and exclusive models of Talbot.

"No wonder sales are soaring, Pass—motoring is so *easy* nowadays!"

Mr. PASS: You're right, Joyce. By holding such large and varied stocks of cars we've made choosing child's play and by generous part exchange and deferred payments, paying for a car from us need daunt nobody.

Mr. JOYCE: The Chancellor of the Exchequer has done his bit too. A 25 per cent. reduction in Tax makes it still easier to run the model of the size you really need.

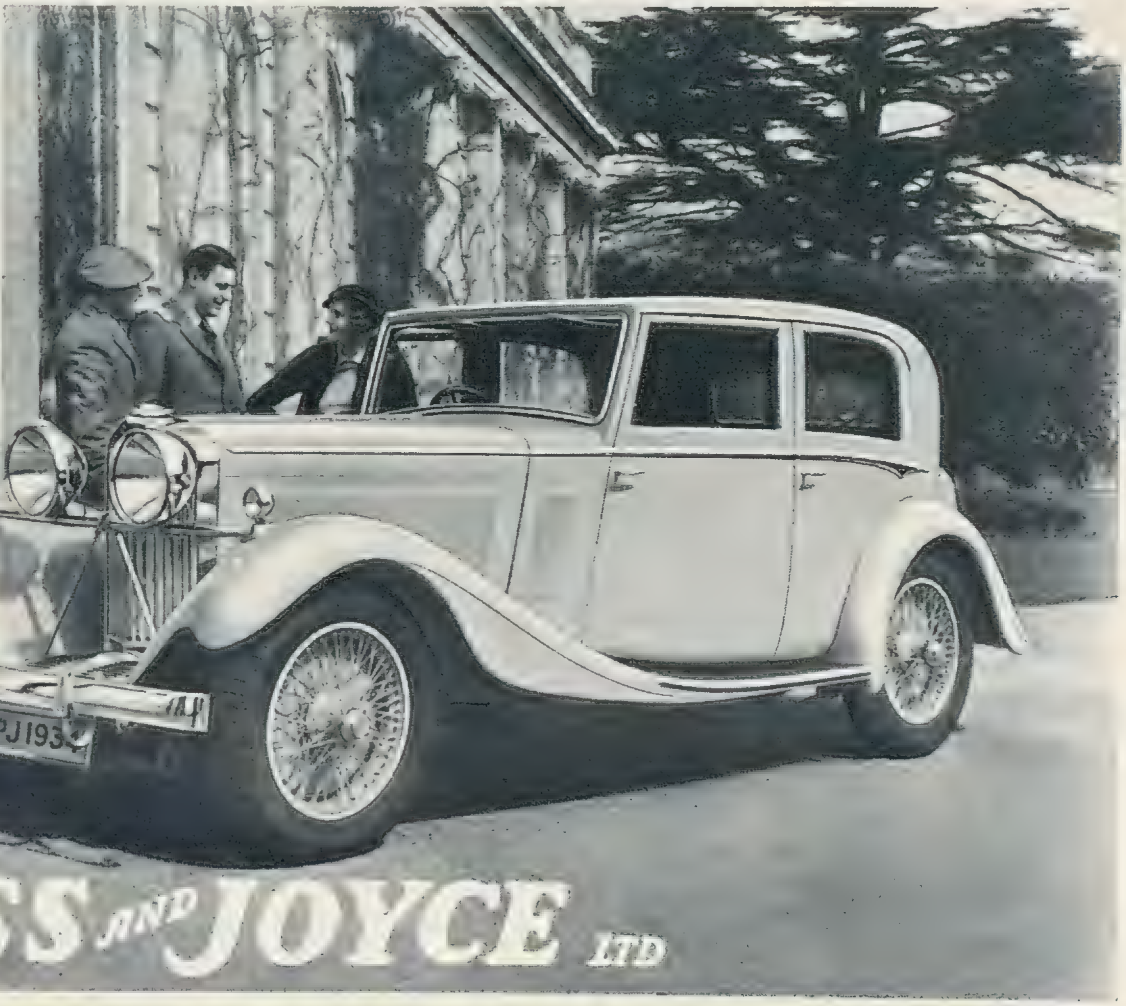
Mr. PASS: And now this Philco Car Radio you're so keen about—

Mr. JOYCE: Well, it probably made all the difference between a tired man in a Pyreneean ditch and a fresh man winning the Concours d'Elegance after that long Monte Carlo Rally run. Yes, I'm keen right enough. It keeps you so alert and when it's night and you're alone and the other end of nowhere, it makes the miles drop behind you—Pass, it's wonderful!

Mr. PASS: Personally, I'm more grateful for the self-changing gear and direction indicators and hand-controlled shock absorbers. And pneumatic upholstery—there's ease of motoring for you!

Mr. JOYCE: And D.W.S. Permanent Four Wheel Jacks if anything goes wrong. There's no doubt of it, Pass—motoring to-day is a very easy, very untiring, very economical luxury.

Mr. PASS: And I'm proud that we, as the largest Car Agents in London, should have contributed so much to its popularity.



Come and hear the New Model Philco Car Radio, fitted on several models—the greatest advance in car equipment of recent years.

PASS AND JOYCE ARE SOLE TALBOT DISTRIBUTORS FOR LONDON AND HOME COUNTIES

12, PRINCES STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.1. *Mayfair* 0581.
373-375, EUSTON ROAD, N.W.1 *Museum* 8401 (*10 lines*).
24-27, ORCHARD STREET, W.1 (*By Selfridge's*) *Mayfair* 5141.
46-47, PALL MALL, S.W.1. *Whitehall* 2064.

Open till 7 p.m. Weekdays and 4 p.m. Saturdays.

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"AND then I saw the red light," the speaker concluded.

"A doctor's, I presume?"

"No, Sir; not a doctor's. I saw what I conceived to be a danger signal, so I sold all the shares I had open."

"And they all went up, on the day after."

"Your presumptions are none too lucky. No, Sir: the prices of my shares didn't wait for the next day; they all went up on the afternoon of the day on which I had sold during the morning."

"There 's an Old Hand's Luck as well as a Beginner's Luck; and well I know it, having been in this hole of a Stock Exchange for nigh on forty year, me lads. Avast, there!"

He made a dash at a younger member who was trying to set fire to a newspaper, and who waxed hotly resentful at being interrupted in his playful design. Brokers kept on coming up every two seconds to ask the price of this, that, or the other brewery share.

"Allsopps and Distillers, you can tell her," a dealer replied to a demand for a quick couple to advise a lady client to buy.

"What do you mean by quick, though?"

"Something that has a fair chance of a rise within, say, the next three months."

"Righto! Both the two I 've given you will do."

"Says she did so well out of our Seager Evans advice"—the broker was reading from his client's letter—"that she feels it would be nice to repeat the performance."

"The ordinary effect of such speculation being that she would lose her previous profit and a bit more with it."

"She can't hurt with Allsopps or Distillers."

"Distillers will keep her in good spirits."

"'I feel it 's time I had a Guinness.' . . . What? Nobody offering the stock? Fie on you for a set of niggardly pussyfoots—or pussyfeet, should I say?"

They led him urgently into the Rubber Market, and bade him mind his eye.

"Mind my eye? What for?"

"Don't get caught out, that's all. This Rubber Market is as deceptive as a woman's threat. You 'll find the market looking as good as gold one minute, and next minute there 's not a bargain doing."

"Rubber shares are all right for three months

Fred May thinks that RUBBER FACES are the thing this week, since rubber shares have been booming lately; so he gives us some of the figure-heads who so ably control the market. (1) Mr. B. D. Porritt is a director of the Research Association of British Rubber Manufacturers; (2) Mr. Herbert Rogers is a Vice-President of the Institution of the Rubber Industry and a director of the Northern Rubber Company; (3) Mr. Dan Drysdale, a former "Rugger" Captain for Oxford and Scotland, is now concerned in Dunlops; (4) Mr. F. D. Ascoli, C.I.E., is Chairman of the Council of the Institution of Rubber Industry and Managing Director of Dunlop Plantations; (5) Mr. Howard W. Franklin is Chairman of J. G. Franklin and Company (Rubber Manufacturers) and Hon. Treasurer of the Institution of Rubber Industry; (6) Mr. R. L. F. Nye is a director of R. Nye, Biddle Co., and is very well known in the rubber world; (7) Mr. L. V. Kenward is a director of Dunlops, to which Mr. H. L. Kenward (8) also belongs.

on, in my opinion. The effect of restriction will be cumulative; it 's as well they didn't start off too exuberantly."

"I should like to see my rubber shares go up a little faster," Our Stroller confessed. "Strikes me that the result of the restriction scheme was a shade disappointing."

They all felt the same way, and Our Stroller's candid admission met with general assent.

"Must wait a little longer, and we 'll have the market going ahead again. A boom never does the House any good."

"I like it, all the same."

So did every one of them, in his heart of hearts. A boom spells big business—not always of the best class. A boom brings in its train excitement, thrills, exultation, regrets, increased office expenses, reactions. And in normal times, a period, following it, of depression and inactivity.

No so, however, in these latter days. There is too much money about, awaiting employment, for the fading-out of a boom-bubble to do material damage to other markets, or to affect the public's desire to make the most of to-day's Stock Exchange opportunities.

Our Stroller and his broker happened to pull up in the Motor Market. To the broker, the business was too commonplace for it to arouse any special interest in his mind, but Our Stroller was fascinated by the cluster of brokers who thronged around the dealers. What is more, they were not just asking prices, but buying and selling shares in tidy numbers.

At his elbow he heard a jobber quote a threepenny price in Dunlops, and a thousand shares changed hands on that basis. This involves about two thousand six hundred pounds in money.

The public can deal more closely to-day in the majority of industrials—as in hundreds of other cases—than has ever been known before in the history of the Stock Exchange.

"Pity you didn't buy those Aviation shares when I wanted you to go in for them last month," said the broker, to be promptly reproached for jobbing backwards.

"Sorry; you 're quite right," the broker apologised. "And there are plenty of good things left. Only they want looking for, don't they?"

"Can't make out this Oil Market," he went on. "I thought we should have had the prices a lot better by now, but the public don't seem to care much for oil shares, so that 's that!"

"Oil shares will have their turn by and by, don't you fret," one of the experts declared. "Haven't you noticed the way in which one market after another is given a run nowadays? So long as a market has any merit at all, you can bet all you 've got that its shares will come into favour."

"But I should like to see that happen this very afternoon. And what possible chance is there for that? Look at them." He waved his hand at the listless group that bid or offered Eagles at three-farthing prices or quoted Shell in a jargon quite foreign to even Our Stroller's practised ear.

"Might as well turn the Oil Market into a putting-green, and make it at least a little useful."

"Too eager, you boys are; that 's what 's the matter with you. Don't be in such a hurry. Learn to wait for —— Yes, Sir. Royal Dutch? Many shares?"

"Bit of a line," replied the broker, carefully guarding his wire.

The jobber, after earnest consultation with his partner, made a three-sixteenth price.

"Sell you five shares," said the broker, grinning amiably, and not waiting for sarcasms. "I 'll mark it."

"Suppose he thinks that 's being humorous," said the jobber, booking the bargain. "If ever——"

"The West African Market has too many powerful friends for it to go phut," Our Stroller heard. "Oh, yes; of course. Ran up prices far too giddily." They always overdo it. The market 's on a safer level now, and there 's going to be good business in the better shares. Mark my words."

"On which board?"

"Whose bored?" asked a broker, passing by.

"I am. Can't find any trade about. See anything?"

"Yes: these West Australians. 'No'? You 're up against labour, I know, but the gold is there, and—— Yes, I should say it is all right."

"The Colony has taken a packet of Southern Cross," a dealer remarked. "They wouldn't have bought the shares if there weren't a good chance for the concern."

"Wouldn't you prefer the older things — Wiluna, Lake View, Boulders?"

"They 're the best, of course. More investment than speculation, though; I must say the spice of a gamble always attracts me."

"Then Southern Cross and North Kalgurli United will suit you well, my boy. Were you in Coronations?"

"I remained uncrowned," was the melancholy reply. "Oh, no; I 'd forgotten"—and he perceptibly brightened. "I have no less than twenty Crown Mines, which stand me in at a third of the present figure."

"Mining shares are the things to have, without a doubt. Consolidated Gold Fields of New Zealand, New Kleinfontein, West Springs——"

"Indian Copper are old pals of ours. I believe they 're as good a gamble as any here."

He dropped on to a seat in the Little Mining Market, and then he comprehensively cursed the Stock Exchange Managers for paying a dividend of thirteen pounds per share before making provision for upholstering the wooden benches round the House.

There was a shout from the adjoining West African Market.

"Diamonds! Diamonds, anybody? I want"—and he shot up a dramatic arm—"to deal in Five Hundred Diamonds!"

One of the best-known bridge-players in the House was standing by.

"Double Five Hundred Diamonds!" he challenged.

The crowd became amused.

"Half a sec.," said the first dealer. "Let 's see how I stand." He looked at his book, and "Re-double!" he shouted back.

"Sorry; I 'm limited," and the challenger disappeared amid a chorus of laughter.

You can never be serious for very long, you know, in the Stock Exchange.

Friday, May 11, 1934.

The GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*

PRESERVE *your* FIGURE LINES....

YOUR figure can be perennially youthful if you are careful to select only Gossard fashion garments. Gossards are scientifically designed to restrain and redistribute flesh, moulding your figure to truly fashionable lines.

THE MODEL ILLUSTRATED IS A COMBINATION IN PEACH BATISTE, WITH LACE TOP. MEDIUM LOW BACK. AN IDEAL SHEATH-FITTING EVENING GARMENT. (SIZES 32 TO 42 BUST—EVEN ONLY).

MODEL 9641 . . . 63/-

Illustrated Catalogue and name of Distributor sent on request

THE BRITISH H. W. GOSSARD CO. LTD., 168, Regent Street, London, W.1

(Wholesale only)

BARRI

MATERNITY GOWNS

also gowns for normal wear

Separate Catalogues of Maternity Gowns Corsets, Layettes Cots, also Gowns for Normal Wear

Kindly write Requirements

Here is a most desirable summer frock and coatee expressed in printed crêpe-de-Chine gaily patterned in navy and white; the slendering and pleasing suit for countless occasions.

12 Gns.

A Selection of Corsets may be had on approval

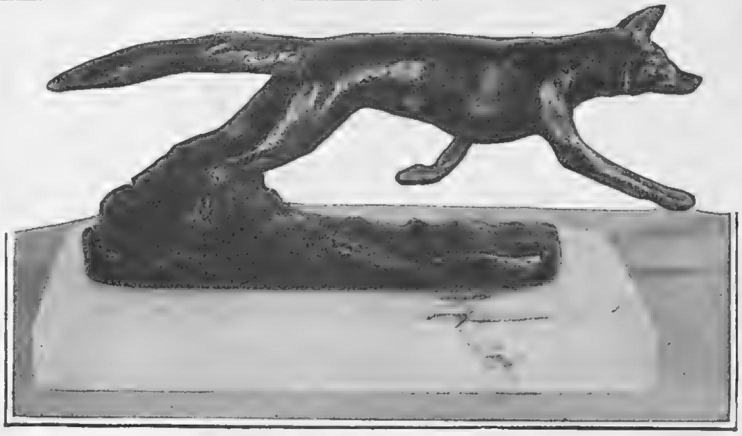
BARRI L^TD 33 NEW BOND STREET W.1

1062 PAGES
8000 ADDRESSES
300 PICTURES

HOLIDAY HAUNTS 1934

ON SALE EVERYWHERE
SIXPENCE

GWR



"CHARLES"

Bronze by
T. IVESTER LLOYD

This admirable study of a running fox is mounted on an onyx plinth, grooved on either side to receive pens, pencils, etc. It can also be obtained on a shortened base, silver-plated, for mounting on radiator cap as a car mascot.

Price **6½ gns.**; on plain marble plinth, **6 gns.**

This is one of many sporting bronzes to be seen at the Sporting Gallery, where an extensive display of the work of many artists can be seen.

Recent pictures by Lionel Edwards, R.I., and other Sporting Artists are always on view.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1.

THE SIGNS OF AGE are hastened by neglect.
YOUTH and BEAUTY are retained by the constant use of
CRÈME SIMON.

It softens the skin, prevents wrinkles, and gives it the velvety smoothness and freshness of youth.

Use also the **SIMON POWDERS** (7 shades) and **SIMON SOAP.**

At all chemists, hairdressers & stores. Wholesale: MERTENS, 65, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

CRÈME SIMON PARIS

HAIRS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR RUINS BEAUTY!
Destroy unwanted hair by my simple, effective Home Treatment. Permanent, Painless and perfectly safe, 13/- post free. Not a depilatory. Call for personal treatment if preferred. 'Phone: Western 4518.
HELEN LAWRENCE, 81 Earl's Court Rd., London, W.8

How to Dress Well

on small payments that pass unnoticed in your monthly expenditure.
Open a Credit Account with Smartwear.
No deposit, no References required, even from non-householders. Write for Ladies' beautifully illustrated catalogue to

Smartwear Ltd
263-271 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Phone Mayfair 6241-6.
And at Brighton, Birmingham, Belfast.

The secret of a Sidecar cocktail is the Cointreau in it

COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England
THE WELL BALANCED LIQUEUR

The . . . Illustrated London News
1/- — WEEKLY — 1/-
PUBLISHING OFFICE:
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

"Whenever I see a girl do that, I think of Aristoc"
"And a very good thing to think of, too. Many a girl has been grateful to me for guiding her straying feet to Aristoc. They look so lovely, and they wear so well. If you're fussy about silk stockings, take to Aristoc. It pays!"
Ask to see those lovely new dull sheers with sandal feet, 358 with lace clocks, 258 without. They're only 4/11!
Regd. Trade Mark
Aristoc
From heavy service to filmy fine — In 39 shades
3/11 • 4/11 • 5/11 • 6/11 • 8/11 • 10/6
Sole distributors to the trade: W. L. ARBER LTD., Portland House, 4 Gt. Portland St., Oxford Circus, W.1
The Aristocrat of Silk Stockings

ABBOTT and Eve

May, the overture of the Season's activities is with us again. The Opera, the Academy, Polo, Lords. But Paris thought yesterday of what Eve wears to-day. Abbott's have ten Salons in Paris within a stone's throw of the most exalted Dress Houses in the World, that is why the Shoes in Abbott's London shops have that Parisian style.

No. 36 Blue Suede and Glace Oxfordette—Perforated Saddle. ditto in Brown 25/9
Postage 6d.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE

ABBOTT'S

324, OXFORD ST., W. (Next to D. H. Evans, Ltd.)

255, OXFORD ST., W. (Next to Jay's Ltd.) 82, REGENT ST., W. (Corner Quadrant Arcade)

AND AT ALL ABBOTT'S BRANCHES

CHIEF PARIS SALON AVENUE VICTOR HUGO Près du Bois.

SCOTTISH HOLIDAY RESORTS

BANFF—On the Sunny Shores of the Moray Firth. Bracing Air. 18-hole Golf Course. Bathing. Tennis, etc. Excellent Fishing.
Illus. Folder free from Town Clerk, Dept. CS.

LEVEN—Bracing resort on Fifeshire's sunny shores. Putting. Bowling. Bathing. Fishing. Pierrots. Excellent Golf. Tennis, etc. Charming walks. *Guide free from Secy., Dept. CM.; Advertising Comm.*

CRAIL—Attractive old town on Fifeshire Coast. Healthy Climate, recommended by Medical Faculty. 18-hole Golf Course. Tennis, Bowls, etc.
Illus. Folder free from Town Clerk, Dept. CQ.

NORTH BERWICK for the perfect "open-air" holiday. Dry, healthy climate. Three golf courses. Tennis, putting, bowls. Safety swimming pool. Fine sands. *Guide free from Town Clerk, Dept. CU.*

DUNFERMLINE—The Ancient Capital of Scotland. Beautiful Parks and Flower Gardens. Abbey and Palace Ruins. Golf. Tennis, Bowls, etc.
Guide free from Town Clerk, Dept. CL.

PERTH for a Glorious Highland Holiday. Fine Public Parks. Free Fishing in River Tay. Good Accommodation.
Guide free from Town Clerk, Dept. CC.

DUNOON—On the Clyde Coast. Mild Climate. Unrivalled Steamer Sailings. Entertainments. Bathing, Golf, Tennis, etc. *Guide (2d.) from Secy., Dept. CR., Advertising Committee, Dunoon.*

PETERHEAD—On Aberdeenshire Coast. Clean, Sandy Beach. Safe Bathing and Boating. Two Golf Courses. Tennis, Fishing, etc.
Guide free from Town Clerk, Dept. CK.

ELIE and **EARLSFERRY**—Record Sunshine. Low Rainfall. Stretches of Golden Sand. Safe Bathing. Golf. Tennis. Boating, etc.
Guide free from Town Clerk, Dept. CE.

ST. ANDREWS—"The Golfer's Mecca" for Bracing and Invigorating Holidays. Large Bathing Ponds. Tennis, Bowls, etc.
Guide free from Town Clerk, Dept. CN.

For Travel Information, inquire at Railway Offices and Agencies.

PENNY A MILE SUMMER TICKETS

ANY TRAIN ANY DAY

THE TEA GOWN

Summer Brochure of Photographic Studies is published to-day, and will be sent in response to inquiries.

SUMMER MODELS

. . . by Debenhams

This home Dinner Gown is made in silk chiffon over satin slip. Graceful bodice with half-bertha effect and shoulders of flesh chiffon. Graceful falling skirt with slim hip-line and finished posy at waist. In French pink, café, black and other colours. Also in lovely flowered chiffons. Sent on approval.

12½ Gns.

Debenham&Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1

(Debenhams Ltd.)

Hélène

presents the new

CHERRY LIPSTICK

To tone with the lovely shades, the smart pastels of the new Clothes, Hélène provides a new lipstick in a delightful Cherry colour (No. 23). You will be fascinated by its fresh charm, its complete difference yet its marvellous harmonising effect. New Hélène Rouge (No. 3) to match.

For your Daily Make-up

Hélène Foundation Cream for dry complexions - 3/6
Hélène Complexion Lotion for oily skins - - 3/6
Hélène Rouge Cream, available in three shades 4/6
Hélène Poudre Supra, in all shades 3/6 and 5/6
Hélène Lipstick in eight shades - - - 3/6

The Hélène Book 'Skin Deep,' free on request.

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD SLOane 1234 KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1

THESE STORIES

"THE BLANK ROUNDS": *by F. E. Verney.*
"CATCH AS CATCH CAN": *by Sewell Stokes.*
"LAND OF THE MIRAGE": *by James Francis Dwyer.*
"THE MAN OF HONOUR": *by Hannen Swaffer.*
"A SHRED OF EVIDENCE": *by W. A. Darlington.*
"ALBERT MANSIONS": *by H. T. W. Bousfield.*
"OLD TALES RETOLD"—A DUEL OF EMPERORS. *Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.*

and these ARTICLES

LONDON FASHIONS: *by Madge Garland.*
WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH.
FLASHBACKS OF HISTORY: No. 5—THE CRAZE FOR EXHIBITIONS.
"V.C.'S" OF THE GREAT SLUMP: *by Joan Woollcombe.*
RIVIERA CAVALCADE, *by Ferdinand Tuohy.*
THE SKELETON IN THEIR CUPBOARD: No. 3.—STAVISKY, THE BAD MAN OF FRANCE: *by C. Patrick Thompson.*
THE MARCH OF TIME: *by Wilson McCarty.*
RE-ENTER THE OCCASIONAL TABLE: *by Winifred Lewis.*
BOOKS: *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer.*
RENOVATING YOUR HOME THIS SPRING.
YOUR VERY GOOD HEALTH: *by "Chrysis"*
THE USES OF PLYWOOD: *by Baseden Butt.*
HOW TO KNIT YOUR BATHING SUIT.
FROM NURSERY TO PLAYROOM.
THE BUSYBODY'S NOTEBOOK.
BRING YOUR GARDEN INTO YOUR HOME.
THE PAPER PATTERN SERVICE FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER.
ENTERTAINING UP-TO-DATE: INFORMAL LUNCHEON PARTY—"HELP YOURSELF" DINNER PARTY: *by A. H. Adair.*
MOTORING SECTION: *Conducted by the Earl of Cardigan.*

"These days," replied the young woman, unmoved, "it's impossible to tell. One can't be too careful. Undergraduates are joining the Force every day. I'm told 'C' Division is full of them."
"Not really?"
"Really. And now I come to look at you," she continued, fixing him with her very blue eyes, "your face is familiar to me."
"No doubt," said Hugo, with more than a touch of sarcasm, "you've noticed me on point-duty . . ."

". . . I'm rather surprised," he said, determined not to let her have it all her own way, "to find you running a place like this." Seemingly a little annoyed, she said: "You don't imagine I like it, do you? But when father died, leaving less than nothing, there was nothing for me to do but face the facts. And I'm facing them. One's got to live. By the way," she lowered her voice, "why did you sign a false name in the book? Afraid of a raid?"
"Well, these places get raided, don't they? One never knows when the police are going to turn up."
With a touch of pride she said: "I don't let policemen into the club . . ."

You'll enjoy every word of this dramatic Night Life story—"Catch as Catch Can"—in

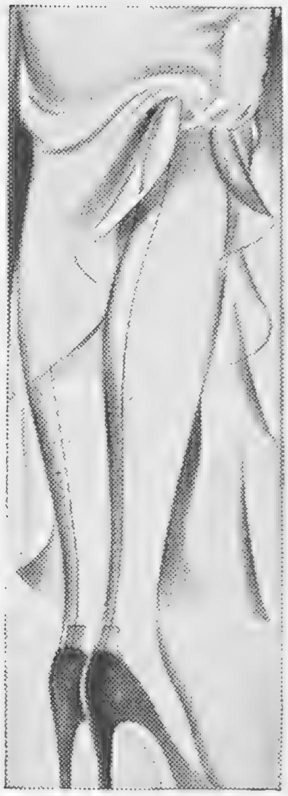
All in the MAY ISSUE OF BRITANNIA AND EVE

"Bring your Garden into your Home"

THE NEW-STYLE MAGAZINE — MAY ISSUE ON SALE NOW

The reputations of two famous houses stand behind these Stockings

Gorringes and MORLEY



The world-wide reputation of two houses is behind these Stockings—a reputation which definitely ensures for wearers supreme quality, unbeatable value, and complete satisfaction.

MORLEY'S FAMOUS "LISOLA"

W. 1. — Summer weight, made from Pure Silk and Lisle. Ideal for hard wear, with wide suspender tops. The appearance of spun silk, noted for elasticity. In Duskee, New-Beige, Terrapin, Leafmould, Teak, Gunmetal, Dark Grey, Platinum or Black.
Sizes: 8½, 9, 9½, 10, and 10½.
3 pairs for **11/6.** Per pair **3/11**

MORLEY'S SANDOWN

W.4.—Morley's "Sandown" Hose, excellent for hard wear, made from Pure Silk and Celta yarn, with the smart, dull finish. In Picasso, New-biege, Linnett, Illusion, Regent, Brown Squirrel or Dago.
Sizes: 8½, 9, 9½, 10 and 10½
3 pairs for **13/-.** Per pair **4/6**

MORLEY'S FAVOURITE DE LUXE SILK

W.6.—Strong service weight Silk Stocking with Lisle hems and feet. This stocking we can thoroughly recommend for really hard wear. Fully fashioned. Colours: New Fawn, Linnett, Beige, Prairie, Grey, Gunmetal.
Sizes: 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 10½.
3 pair **20/-.** Per pair **6/11**

FREDERICK GORRINGE LTD., Buckingham Palace Rd., S.W.1
Two minutes from Victoria Station. *'Phone: VICtoria 8600*

The most beautiful photographic record of

GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERAS

is on Sale now—Price
ONE SHILLING

All the popular Operas—new pictures in photogravure—by post **1/3,** from

THE SPHERE, 346, Strand, London

SEE SPECIAL DISPLAY OF CARPETS IN HAMPTONS' WINDOWS THIS WEEK

HAMPTONS

PALL MALL QUALITY

INDIAN CARPETS

IN CHOICE & EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS AND COLOURINGS

These Carpets are woven specially for Hamptons, and have an unusually long and closely-woven fine quality pile. The illustration herewith is typical of a large number of entirely new and exclusive designs. The stocks are very extensive, but the following afford a few examples of sizes and prices:

ft.	in.	ft.	in.	£	s.	d.	ft.	in.	ft.	in.	£	s.	d.
8	3 ×	5	3	4	13	0	12	9 ×	10	9	14	13	6
8	11 ×	6	1	5	16	0	13	3 ×	10	1	14	6	6
9	2 ×	9	2	9	0	0	13	11 ×	12	5	18	10	6
9	3 ×	7	4	7	6	0	14	1 ×	10	5	15	14	6
9	4 ×	6	4	6	6	6	14	4 ×	11	1	17	1	0
10	2 ×	8	1	8	16	0	15	2 ×	12	1	19	12	6
10	7 ×	9	3	10	10	0	15	4 ×	12	7	20	13	6
11	2 ×	8	5	10	1	6	16	5 ×	10	7	18	12	0
12	2 ×	9	4	12	3	6	17	5 ×	12	3	22	17	0
12	3 ×	10	7	13	18	6	18	2 ×	12	4	23	19	6

MACHINE-TUFTED SUPER-GRADE SEAMLESS CARPETS

In new designs, specially produced to meet the requirements of the most up-to-date furnishing schemes.

ft.	in.	ft.	in.	£	s.	d.	ft.	in.	ft.	in.	£	s.	d.
9	0 ×	7	6	5	8	9	12	0 ×	9	0	8	14	0
9	0 ×	9	0	6	10	6	12	0 ×	10	6	10	3	0
10	6 ×	7	6	6	7	0	13	6 ×	10	6	11	8	6
10	6 ×	9	0	7	12	3							

PLAIN CARPETINGS BY THE YARD

Hamptons specialise in Plain Carpetings. Their stocks afford a very extensive selection of the most up-to-date shades and reliable qualities ranging from **the least expensive but dependable makes to the most luxurious grades manufactured.**

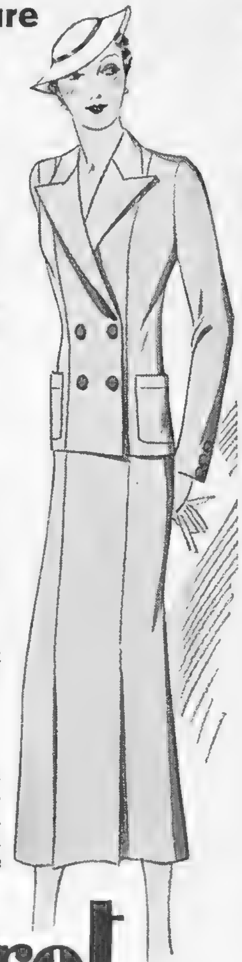
The following are examples of finest values from the immense variety of Plain Carpetings by the yard:

	per yard
WILTON PILE, British Manufacture	6/3
AXMINSTER DEEP PILE, British Manufacture ..	7/6
FINE QUALITY WILTON PILE, British Manufacture	8/11

For latest productions and best values in all Home Furnishings see HAMPTONS' SPRING BOOK C.175.

HAMPTONS: PALL MALL EAST, TRAFALGAR SQ., LONDON, S.W.1. *Telephones: Whitehall* 1020

you're sure to need a linen suit



here's a style that will be tailored to your individual measurements for only

$3\frac{1}{2}$ gns.

choose this smart cruising linen in any of she new pastel thades, and have it tailored in this double-breasted style, or with a link button jacket. also white and natural.

credit terms can be arranged and a catalogue will be sent free on request.

corot

(dept. s. 365)
33 old bond street
w. 1. regent 0234

One instinctively turns to Court Royal Foundation Garments to provide that natural outline displayed by women who matter most.

Court Royal models are stocked by all the leading stores, but if you have any difficulty write for an illustrated brochure and address of nearest distributor.

C.1265. An ideal foundation garment for controlling the figure. It is cut low at the back and has specially constructed panels to shape the waist and to give support. Light concealed boning. Bust sections of soft tricot. Broche-batiste in Peach shade. Up to 40" bust 31/6

CHARLES BAYER & CO. (1931), LTD. (*Dept. S*), 296 Regent St., London, W.1
(*Wholesale Only*)

The Springtime of LIFE

HELP US TO SEE THAT THE CHILDREN ARE NOT ROBBED OF THEIR SPRING OR HAVE IT CLOUDED AND CHILLED.

The smallest Donation gratefully received by the Secretary (E12)

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

KENNINGTON, LONDON, S.E.11

IT'S AN OLD SPANISH CUSTOM

"For the guest the best."

Spanish hospitality is known throughout the world. Certainly Spain has one product that she offers to the world, supreme of its kind—a pale, dry, exquisite Sherry.

"PINTAIL"

You cannot be wrong in offering a glass of "Pintail" to your guest for the little "11 o'clock" and before or after meals. He will certainly appreciate your good taste.

"PINTAIL" may be obtained from wine merchants everywhere, price 6/- per bottle, or direct from

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON,
Perth, Scotland.

Pintail

A FINE **SHERRY** DRY

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom consideration of space or price makes the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Guineas.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1.

Brettle's SILKESTIA STOCKINGS

PER 3/6 PAIR

Famous for hard wear and delightful texture . . .

Ask for **Brettle's**

Made by Brettle's at Belper

Brettle's stockings are obtainable at prices from 1/11 to 10/11 per pr. at all Drapers.

HENRY HEATH LTD
105 · 107 · 109 · OXFORD ST., W.

BY APPOINTMENT BY APPOINTMENT

MODEL 4629 "SNIP" (*Regd.*)—Adaptable to any desired shape, made of finest fur-felt of the lightest possible weight; will roll for packing. Obtainable from all Agents. 25/-

SEASON'S FOLDER SENT ON REQUEST.

See England and Scotland and the Loch Ness Monster (*if lucky*)

Leaving London, King's Cross Station, Friday Evenings, 1st, 8th, 22nd and 29th June

FOR THE HARROGATE DISTRICT, LAKE DISTRICT, AND THE HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS OF SCOTLAND, INCLUDING LOCH LOMOND AND THE KYLES OF BUTE WITH OPTIONAL

MOTOR COACH TOUR ROUND LOCH NESS

Seven days' first-class rail accommodation by day and night, road motor tours, admission charges to places of interest, all meals on the train or at hotel

FOR £20 ALL-IN

SAME BEDROOM ALL THE TIME

The cruise may also be joined at Grantham, Harrogate, Darlington or Edinburgh

Further information from Passenger Manager, Dept. 11, L.N.E.R., King's Cross, N.1 and Principal Agencies.

L·N·E·R

A featherweight woollen material in a delicate shade of Bois de Rose makes this elegant afternoon coat with its graceful cape

9 gns.

REVILLON

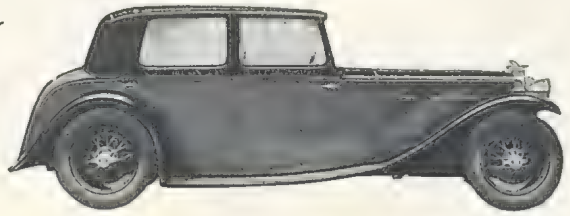
180 REGENT STREET
LONDON, W.1

ALVIVACITY . . .

the joyous response to every mood, vivid acceleration without a tremor of vibration, speed in smoothness and silence, perfect suspension and ease of control . . . . these are exclusive ALVIS features best expressed by the word ALVIVACITY. Of irreproachable quality, high performance, and distinguished appearance the new ALVIS "SIXTEEN" at £595, offers at a price which at once appeals to one's sense of value, all those outstanding qualities which have made the all - British ALVIS famous throughout the world. May we send you full particulars and arrange a demonstration at your convenience ?

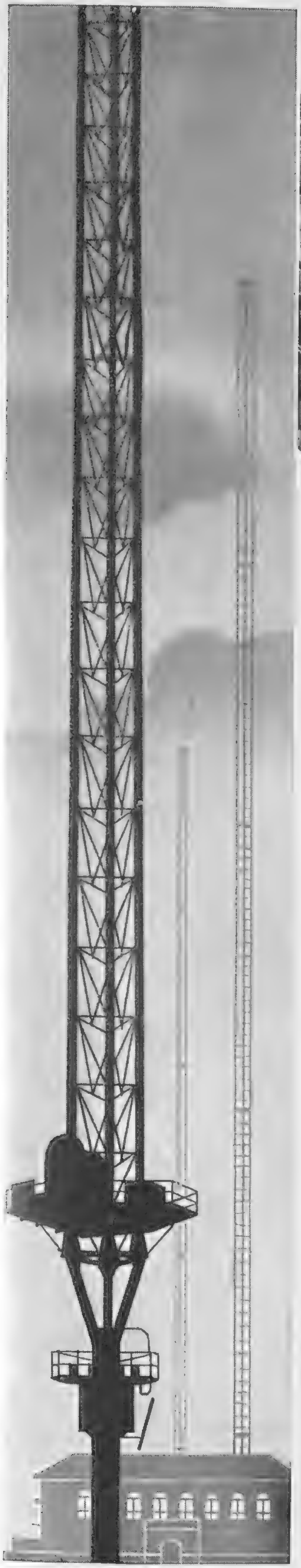
ALVIS CAR & ENGINEERING CO., LTD., COVENTRY.

London Showrooms: 18, Berkeley Street, W.1.
London Service Station:
Jubilee Place, Kings Road, Chelsea, S.W.3.



"SIXTEEN"

ALVIS



As Radio amplifies sound, so 'The Third Process' amplifies the quality of Motor Oil

Essolube Motor Oil is sold in glass bottles, pints and quarts, sealed with coloured seals—silver, red, blue and green—which identify the grades. See the seal removed when buying.

The power output of the modern motor engine has been so wonderfully amplified by the designer's skill that amplified lubrication has become vitally necessary if efficiency is not to be sacrificed and costly damage is to be avoided.

Only one motor oil—Essolube—amplifies the blending and refining processes with THE THIRD PROCESS, which gives Essolube all the 5 "star" essentials of the perfect motor oil. Essolube is never too thick to interfere with easy starting, and never becomes too thin to lubricate the engine efficiently, however hot the weather or however long the driver maintains high speed. The Third Process checks the formation of carbon and sludge which are so ruinous to your engine.

Essolube

THE 5-STAR MOTOR OIL

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

Here, There, and Everywhere.

The last time I spent concocting this page I was sitting in the Big Room of the Royal and Ancient, on the eve of Spring Medal week. Three days ago I was still in the old Grey City, playing with Michael Scott, Cyril Tolley, and Roger Wethered, and watching the members of the American Walker Cup team practising over the Old Course. To-day I am in another big room, the new room of the Royal Cinque Ports Club at Deal, with its big windows that give such a wonderful vista of the links and Channel. In three days, again, I shall be back in the home of the game for the Walker Cup match. Already the doings of that Medal Week and the St. George's Champion Grand Challenge Cup are past history, and the Prince of Wales Cup here at Deal, and the Walker Cup match itself, will have added respectively a paragraph and a page to the story of the game before what I am writing is in print.

Modern Magic Carpets.

Such is the pace we live at to-day, and, remembering an old poster I came across in my Edinburgh club, advertising the journey to London by coach in ten days, I cannot help wondering what our forefathers would have thought of our present usual methods of progression — train and car—to say nothing of the Moths and Hawks that, I suppose, before long will have taken their place. By the first two means it is possible to watch friends testing the problems of the Road Hole one day, and a few hours later those of The Maiden and Sandy Parlour; by the third I heard of a party who played a morning round at Le Touquet and an afternoon one at Sunningdale. Surely, therefore, we have magic carpets, just as wonderful as the Sultans of old.

MR. LEONARD G. CRAWLEY (left), who is here seen taking a tip from the HON. MICHAEL SCOTT, CAPTAIN OF THE BRITISH WALKER CUP TEAM, during the recent English Amateur Golf Championship, was asked at the eleventh hour to take the place of Mr. Leo Munn in the British Walker Cup team meeting the United States at St. Andrews on Friday and Saturday of last week. He lost to Mr. S. Lunt in the final of the English Amateur Golf Championship. Mr. Scott is the British Amateur Champion. In the English Amateur Championship he was beaten by Mr. Kenneth Frazier.

The UNITED STATES TEAM FOR THE WALKER CUP is here seen: (back row) H. Pierce (Treasurer); J. Fischer, G. Moreland, F. Ouimet (Captain), M. R. Marston, J. Westland; (front row) G. T. Dunlap, J. Goodman, W. Lawson Little, and H. Chandler Egan (left to right).

Spring Medal Week at St. Andrews.

Medal Week this year was doubly interesting by reason of the arrival of the American Walker Cup team in St. Andrews. They came across Scotland in a motor-coach, with Henry Gullen as guide and cicerone, and on Monday morning there were the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack flying from rival flagstaffs on Captain David Russack's Marine Hotel. Everybody was agog to see them in action, and everybody was soon satisfied, for our visitors lost no time in getting to work. Without going into personalities, there is no doubt that the team is a likely one, and, under the watchful eye of Francis Ouimet, will not fail to appreciate the peculiarities and characteristics of the Old Course. Still, we have a likely team also, and in Michael Scott a captain as wise and experienced. So let us leave it at that. Of our Medal Week, the outstanding incidents were the appointment of Bernard Darwin as Captain-elect by his predecessors in office, and the magnificent winning score of Dennis Kyle. His 72 makes a new record for the Silver Cross Competition, and matched the perfect spring weather in which it was made.

The Champion Grand Challenge Cup.

I was just on the point of going to Southport for the final day of the Professional Tournament, when a change of plans brought me back to Royal St. George's. There I found a thoroughly representative field for this beautiful trophy. But, oh, what a morning! A heavy wind and a driving rain from just before eleven until well into luncheon time made golf a pain and a grief and watching a misery. One after another the great men failed, and it was left to two young golfers to carry off in the end the honours of the day. The eventual winner, A. G. Penman, a twenty-one-year-old member of the Mid-Kent Club, achieved the performance of the day, and his 73 round that desperately long course, in the worst of the weather, will long be remembered. During the luncheon interval the weather relented, and the afternoon was a joy of a warm spring day. None of the Tigers, however, could recover sufficiently to shake Penman, and it was left to Peter Miller, of the Grenadier Guards, to set the pace for Penman. Following a sound 78 in the morning, he went round a second time in a really good 76, and in the end Penman was left with a 5 to win, a task he discharged well and truly. Penman has not got a strictly orthodox style, but he certainly delivered the goods, and that is all that any man should be asked to do. St. George's was in grand order—other clubs should follow its lead in laying water on to the fairways—but, oh! it was long and weary work.

The Prince of Wales Cup.

I spent the night following the Royal St. George's meeting in very pleasant company, which included Cyril Tolley, Roger Wethered, John Beck, Greville Stevens, Ham Martin, and Joe Fairlie, with Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley at his week-end cottage hard by the Guilford Hotel. After dinner we were visited by Rex Hartley, Dale Bourn, and Raymond Oppenheimer. The last reduced the gathering to helpless laughter by a story — apocryphal, I imagine — of a famous golfer. Some day it may be told.

The next day saw the competition for the Prince of Wales Cup, over 36 holes of Deal. In the end, after two magnificent second rounds of 74 by Tolley and J. B. Stevenson, and brave but unsuccessful efforts by Johnnie Evans and A. G. S. Penman, the Cup was won by A. S. G. Thompson, an Aldeburgh player, with two steady rounds of 78 and 76 for a total of 154.

In the interval . . .

The traditional brilliance and sparkle of a first night calls for something equally sparkling, zestful, satisfying . . . and the wise escort knows where to find it—

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from Page 324.)

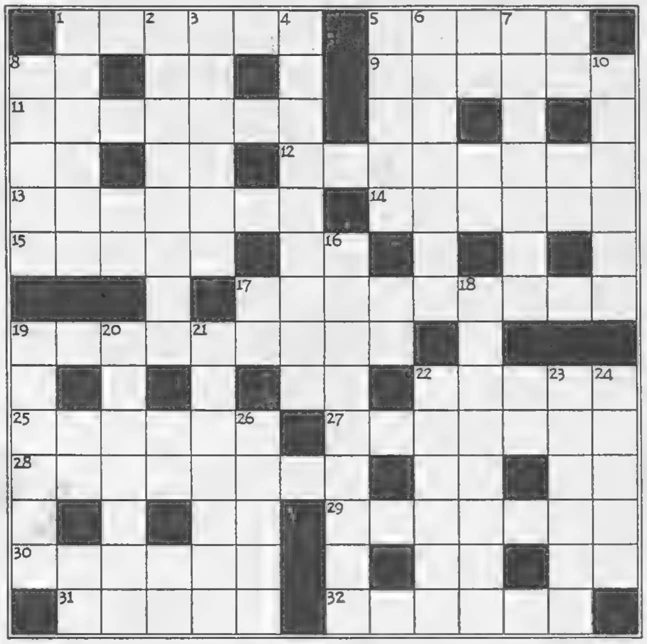
it makes for monotony. He seems to have had little interest in the technical side of his art. At his best he was a great artist, but an almost unconscious one; and when the chief source of inspiration flagged, he could not supplement it from others. To invent dramatic situations was foreign to his genius. The lyrical mood of "Love Among the Haystacks" (not, for some reason, included in this "omnibus") rarely visited him in his later period, though it reappears with rather absurd effect in "Lady Chatterley's Lover." He could not express himself in the epic form of narrative, for he was not concerned with watching individuality develop under the influence of a sequence of events. In fact, he discarded every weapon in the novelist's armoury which did not suit his purposes—one of which was to show in operation the instinct towards absorption which accompanies certain types of physical love. It is more than physical union that his heroines are in search of. They want to absorb the male, to effect a complete spiritual identification. This, though they are always looking for new ways to ease their restlessness and satisfy their hunger, they can never do. Lawrence presents the problem over and over again, but never, I think (except perhaps in "The Woman Who Rode Away" and "Lady Chatterley's Lover"), does he arrive at a satisfactory solution.

a bawdy roysterer, an enemy of society. He must be an angel of discontent. . . . He must be content to leave public applause and the luxuries begotten of it to such ephemeral creatures as actors, champion pugilists, jockeys, triumphant generals, the successful thieves of the stock exchange and all such individuals that have their paltry hour of glory. He must be as ruthless with himself as an ancient hermit scourging himself with a spiked thong. That way alone is the way to perfection for a creative writer."

During most of the book the author's mind is in an indignant turmoil. A victim to neurasthenia, he cannot recapture the creative mood. He wants to write, but he does not know what to write or how to set about it. Wildly he searches his memory for episodes which may throw light on his present predicament, and help him to establish a standard of values. He turns himself inside out; he does not spare himself, he does not spare the reader; in fact, he takes a savage pleasure in exposing his mind and spirit in a state of complete undress. He exhibits old scars and present sores, and invites us, almost, to despise him in his wretchedness. As he says, he gives "a dagger to his enemies," and not once, but many times.

Open Confession. Open confession is good for the soul; the agony of self-revelation over, Mr. O'Flaherty feels better. He has come to terms with himself. Strangely enough, it is his experience in the war that effects the reconciliation—

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. It *may* carry coals to Newcastle, soft as it seems!
5. If you 're as slow as all that, put the first letter last and you 'll have them at your fingers' ends.
9. What price him for making you—well, not sit down?
11. After the recoil of the gun one gets—lumps of metal.
12. You can't make money straight away, and that 's why these are so distressing.
13. Invisible agencies not necessarily harmful, though you may get ill in more ways than one.
14. Aspire wrongly, and, curiously enough, this is what you get!
15. To strike these is disastrous, but you can drive them if you don't give them their head.
17. A revelation by the way which is bound to afford you delight.
19. This is the time when you may hope to fly. Well, straighten out the feather first!
22. Unpleasant sensation due to tasting without saying "Thank you" first.
25. This is a fair division; at least, consideration should lead you to this conclusion.
27. However apt a pupil he may be, he can't become a bread-winner until after fifty.
28. Send the car on after Ma, and I 'll follow. Better put in something to eat.
29. "Parlour boarders taken in and done for!" That 's what *we* say!
30. These get rather tied up with themselves, but they can hold the German one.
31. This is only part of the journey, but the gates are very awkward.
32. Let her begin before she finishes, if you want to get a drink!

DOWN.

1. One can get *the* bird, of course, but how many can get this?
2. This is no state to go out in, but I 'll be there before you put the horse in.
3. D——— the water-supply! One does, you know, in one's house!
4. You 'll get to the city in time, but this is due to living in the country.
5. Wines are going up, you see, and this makes cutting more probable.
6. Just as one would expect, and yet the mountains are the lowest part!
7. A little knowledge is all right if you have a little something to write it down.
8. People with these *needn't* turn up their noses, though they do hurt one's feelings.
10. Take amiss, with a change of address.
16. Ladies sit differently. These have loftier aspirations.
18. What 's this rude fellow doing here? 'Arry says you must give him a hint or he 'll simply be ruder.
19. God! Don't let her come after me!
20. The question is what to make of this kind of chatter. Ah, that 's the catch!
21. If that 's how you feel, you 'd better get the ring without making any more ado.
22. Even though you 've got nothing below the line, you *can* have some "fizz"!
23. Not quite, but enough to prevent you from finishing late.
24. There 's plenty of this food, and yet one humble consumer can finish it all off!
26. 'E soon goes up, but it makes you hold your breath.

NOTE.—Two-letter spaces are regarded as unchecked letters and clues are not given.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Tuesday morning next, May 22, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left-hand corner of page XVIII) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

"Shame the Devil." In "Shame the Devil" Mr. Liam O'Flaherty has written a kind of apologia for his life and opinions. Why he feels they need justification I do not know; but he certainly writes as though he were in the presence of hostile criticism. His autobiography is picaresque in method; he throws a spot-light on this or that incident, sometimes diving into the past, sometimes coming up with a rush into the present. France is, so to speak, his spring-board, and most of his plunges are into Irish waters. He has a talent for meeting odd types, and for provoking them to argument. If no one will argue with him, he invents an *alter ego*, and argues with himself—

"Nobody can do good work if he has lost his self-respect."

"On the contrary . . . it is only by living in a disorderly manner that a writer nowadays can maintain his self-respect. Otherwise he is sure to lose his inspiration by getting himself tamed into social respectability. To have money in the bank is more hurtful to the creative artist than the lewdest vice. The applause of the herd is equally dangerous, for it atrophies the imagination. . . . He must take care to have himself considered a rogue and a vagabond,

"In this book I set out to shame the devil, first with my sins, and secondly with the declaration of one virtue, that I do love humanity. And I claim that it is to my training as a soldier I owe the flowering of that love."

The declaration comes as a slight surprise. In these random recollections, Mr. O'Flaherty displays, with some exceptions, curiosity and tolerance, rather than affection, in his attitude to his fellows. However, he has achieved his object. He has come to a conclusion about the world—that it will be benefited, if not saved, by Communism; and he has recovered his creative gift, which he demonstrates in a short story about Ireland, full of lechery and drunkenness, but by no means devoid of literary merit.

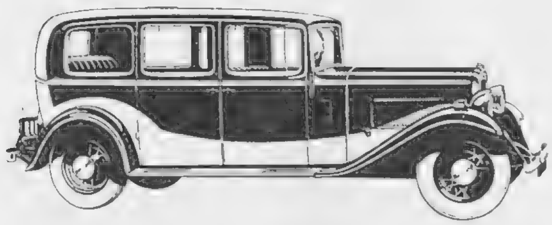
"Shame the Devil" is a very readable book. It would be unjust to say that it owes the greater part of its appeal to the naturally intriguing spectacle of someone undressing himself in public. It has courage, gaiety, poetry, genuine spiritual experience, as well as a certain tendency to self-advertisement. All the same, I think its value as a personal record is slightly marred by the author's excessive dramatisation of his own case.

[Continued overleaf.

AS DEPENDABLE AS AN AUSTIN

"Want an easy life?.. Get your Guv'nor to INVEST IN AN AUSTIN"

"I gave up motoring worries four years ago—when the Guv'nor first got an Austin. Since then it's been almost a holiday. No need to ferret about inside these cars—they look after themselves. We've done 15,000 miles on this new bus without once being held up by any mechanical trouble. And when it comes to upkeep, it's a real eye-opener. I remember the Guv'nor's face when I showed him the running costs for the first 5,000 miles. 'My word, Edwards,' he says, 'this is the finest investment I've ever made.' Yes, you've certainly got to hand it to Austins. There's a world of experience built into them. And I suppose that's why they last like they do." But long years of trouble-free service is not the only thing chauffeurs can tell you about the Austin. There are the latest improvements: Synchromesh for simple, silent gear-changing; cross-braced frames for added rigidity; braking more certain than before . . . in fact, a whole group of refinements that help to give the two things you want most—a sound motoring investment and an easy motoring life.



The Twenty Ranelagh Limousine (*as illustrated*). Seven Seater. Vaumol hide or Bedford cord upholstery. Adjustable screen separating driving compartment. 23.5 h.p. 6-cylinder engine. 4-speed gearbox with Synchromesh gears. Triplex glass. Chromium finish. Dunlop tyres. Price at works, **£595.** The Sunshine Roof fitted to Austin cars, and used exclusively for the last three years, is made by us under licence from The Pytchley Autocar Company.

Read the Austin Magazine: 4d. every month.

YOU BUY A CAR—BUT YOU INVEST IN AN

AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Company Limited, Birmingham and 479 Oxford Street, London. London Service Depots: 12, 16 & 20 h.p. Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p. North Row, W.1

Continued.]

"Rude Society."

Peter Winslow, the hero of "Rude Society," is a most likable young man. His trouble was that he was too serious. He entered the engineering firm of Geary and North expecting to live a godly, righteous, and sober life. His fellow Estimators did their utmost to make this ideal impossible. Mr. "Beefy" Boyd and the rest initiated him into the pleasures of alcohol (how they all drink!), and Miss "Tango" Bantripp took his heart in her pretty fingers and let it drop. (This, it must be admitted, was no fault of hers: she did not want Peter's heart, he thrust it upon her.) Peter was not at all a prig. He honestly tried to fit into his environment and take the same pleasure his companions took in dancing, flirting, and pub-crawling. But he had neither the constitution nor the temperament for these diversions; trying to join in them gave him a thick head and a troubled conscience.

MISS CECILIA SEDDON, who will be presented at the first Court, is the daughter of Mrs. Frank Seddon, who is giving a dance for her on July 12. Miss Seddon has studied music in Paris and Munich, and is extremely talented. Her mother is a well-known musical hostess, and gives delightful Chamber Music Concerts in her beautiful music room in Severn House, Netherhall Gardens, formerly the residence of Sir Edward Elgar.

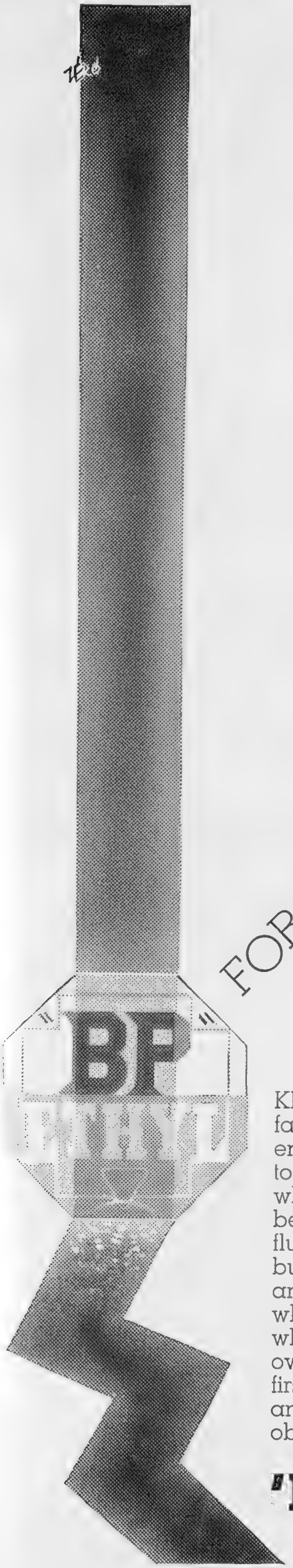
Had he possessed Mr. McGraw's sense of irony, he would have got more fun out of his time at Geary and North's. Mr. McGraw's attitude is admirably detached; he is carried away neither by Mr. Boyd's man-of-the-worldliness nor Miss Bantripp's facile charm. He keeps his head, while his characters, drowned in alcohol and love, lose theirs. His detachment, however, is not critical or censorious. It is the detachment of the interested observer. Nothing escapes Mr. McGraw; and such is his literary gift that the fruits of his observation are twice as luscious when recorded by his pen. He is, in fact, a very considerable stylist, as well as a humourist of the first order. His dialogue is brilliant, as ingenious, and fanciful as that of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. And Mr. Boyd is a real creation whom one will not readily forget. The book's one weakness is lack of sustained narrative interest. To finish it, Mr. McGraw was compelled also to wind up Geary and North

"Music Ho!"

Mr. Constant Lambert calls "Music Ho!" a "Study of Music in Decline." This indicates—perhaps it exaggerates — his attitude towards modern music; for, though he finds much to deplore, he also (in the work of Sibelius, Van Dieren, and others) finds grounds for hope. To praise his book too highly would be impossible. It is witty, profound, illuminating, lucid; and it can be read with as much pleasure by the novice as by the expert.

[Continued on page xx.

LADY HOLDEN OF ALSTON is here posed with her daughter, the HON. DIANA HOLDEN, who is to be presented at one of the forthcoming Courts. Lord and Lady Holden have rented Crewe House, Curzon Street, this season, in order to entertain for their daughter. They are shortly having a big cocktail-party, and will give a ball on July 4.



FOR ANTI-KNOCK

KNOCKING is a sign of faulty combustion in your engine, and may be due to a poor petrol. That is why "BP" Ethyl is the best cure for it. The Ethyl fluid in it controls combustion, and is the best anti-knock specific known; while the petrol itself, which comes from British owned wells in Persia, is first-grade, and as pure and volatile as can be obtained.

'BP' ETHYL

. . not just ETHYL

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

FITTED CASES

Lady's Dressing Case in brown Morocco with Zip fasteners, fitted Sterling Silver-Gilt and Enamel Toilet Requisites. Size closed, 12¾ × 7½ ins.

£18 · 15 · 0

Gentleman's Dressing Case in limp polished Pigskin, with Zip fasteners, fitted with Cochinelle Brushes and Chromium-plated Toilet Requisites. Size closed, 12 × 7¼ ins.

£5 · 17 · 6

Gentleman's Dressing Case in limp polished Pigskin, with Zip fasteners, fitted Sterling Silver-mounted Toilet Bottles and Ivory Brushes. Size closed, 11¾ × 8 ins.

£10 · 10 · 0

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE GLADLY SENT ON REQUEST

The GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY · LTD

112 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

(At the corner of Glasshouse Street.) No other address

The Sketch CROSS-WORD COUPON.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

____

(See Page XIV) 16/5/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DLIV.

THE TAKE-OUT INTO NO-TRUMPS.

THE absurdity of that "denying partner's suit" stuff was pointed out here last week, and of course all players who have passed through the A B C classes at contract agree that this is yet another cherished bidding maxim that now holds no place in common-sense bridge. The equally absurd notion that a take-out into one no-trump must of necessity be a sign of weakness, and not worth taking a gambling chance on, was also indicated; it is, however, only players who have passed a slightly higher standard of bridge education that so far can visualise this second proposition.

Here is a case exemplary of both points—

SPADES—10, 9, 8.
HEARTS—K, 9, 2.
CLUBS—A, K, 2.
DIAMONDS—K, 9, 8, 7.

B

Y———————————Z

A

SPADES—A, 7.
HEARTS—A, Q, 10, 8, 7, 6.
CLUBS—x, x, x.
DIAMONDS—Q, 6.

My partner, A, a good player, but steeped in all the old-fashioned theories of the game, opened with one heart at a love score. Y passed; I (B) bid one no-trump; Z two spades; A no bid; Y no bid; B three hearts. End! A refused to re-bid, for two reasons: (*a*) that I had denied his suit; (*b*) that I had taken his bid out into a minimum response. When I asked what he would have me bid on round one, he mumbled something about supporting his suit or two no-trumps, but he did not seem very sure about it. The mechanical, systemised, case-hardened contractor never is "very sure about it"; more especially when a little card-sense must come into the argument. Here I told my partner that I held *certain* values by my first bid; granted these values were somewhat indefinite, but my second-round bid showed *real* values, *plus* trump support, so what more could any partner want to bid game on—even if that bid was a gamble? The answer is that he wanted a little more card-sense.

Here is another no-trump hand that intrigues me, but for another reason. It occurred a little time ago at a duplicate affair. The defensive play was masterly, and, up to a point, so was the declarer's play. At one table it was good right through, but at the other it went wrong at the crucial moment. It is really a simple enough hand, but, like so many of its type, it contains interesting features, and it takes a little care and thought to get the best out of it. Here are A's (declarer's) and B's (dummy's) cards—

SPADES—A, Kn, 9, 8, 7.
HEARTS—Kn, 8, 2.
CLUBS—A, Q.
DIAMONDS—Q, 10, 9.

B

Y———————————Z

A

SPADES—4, 3.
HEARTS—A, K.
CLUBS—Kn, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6.
DIAMONDS—A, 3, 2.

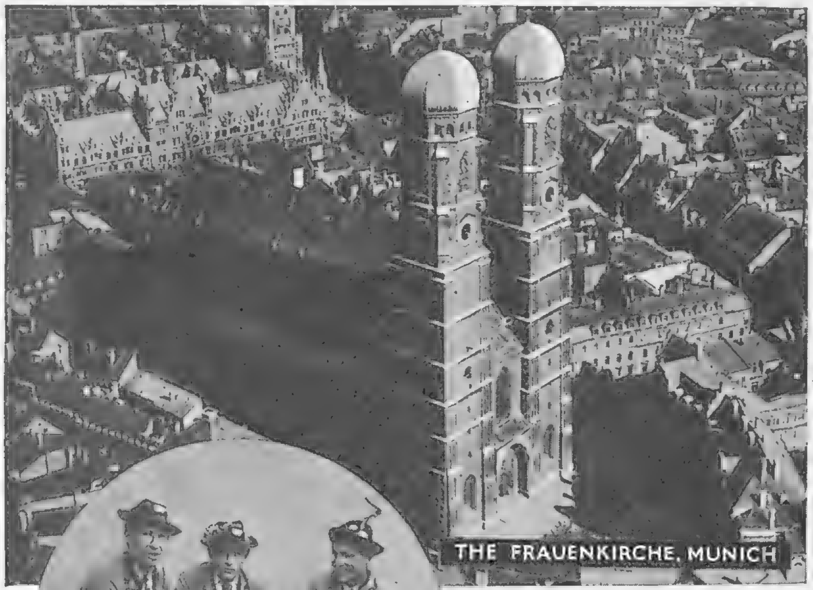
The contract was three no-trumps. Y led the four of hearts. B played the two, Z the seven, and A won with the ace. How should A play now, and what are his chances of contract?

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, MAY 9.

ACROSS. — 4. Unadorned. 9. Avalon. 10. Periodic. 11. Ether. 12. Reins. 13. Rosiness. 14. Amiss. 16. Sculptor. 20. Cyclamen. 21. Noble. 23. Infringe. 27. Peach. 28. Primo. 29. Elegance. 30. Lintel. 31. Inspected.

DOWN.—1. Caparison. 2. Cares. 3. Alibi. 4. Undue. 5. Ancestry. 6. Overhaul. 7. Nihilism. 8. Emends.. 15. Sincerely. 17. Upbraids. 18. Peephole. 19. Occident. 22. Oberon. 24. Field. 25. Inane. 26. Ninth.

MRS. A. H. RIDLEY, Park End, Simonburn, Northumberland, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle in our issue of May 2 to be first opened on Monday morning, May 7. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.


THE FRAUENKIRCHE, MUNICH

MUNICH and the Bavarian Alps

Munich, artistic centre of Germany, is the gateway to the Bavarian Alps, where the costumes and customs of olden days still survive. Here gather the peasants in their picturesque garb, and here, from July 9th to August 20th, are held the Wagner and Mozart Festivals—superb renderings of the greatest Operas by these two composers.

Everywhere, you will discover the heartiest hospitality—Germany is waiting to welcome you this Summer.

BAVARIAN PEASANT BOYS

Come to GERMANY and see for yourself...

REGISTERED MARKS CHEAPEN CONSIDERABLY THE COST OF TRAVEL AND STAY IN GERMANY. YOU SHOULD ALSO OBTAIN REGISTERED MARK TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES FOR PERSONAL EXPENSES BEFORE LEAVING.

THE ZUGSPITZE

For information and Literature apply
GERMAN RAILWAYS INFORMATION BUREAU
19 LOWER REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
or to
THOS. COOK & SON, LTD.
BERKELEY STREET, LONDON, W.1
and offices throughout London and Provinces
OR ANY OTHER TRAVEL AGENCY

Renault introduce Airline

an AERODYNAMIC SALOON for £198!

Recognising aerodynamic coachwork as an essential to fast and economically running motor vehicles, Renault introduced at Olympia last year a fine range of these bodies on the 6 and 8 cyl. chassis. Renault now leads again by extending this type of coachwork to the comparatively inexpensive 4 cyl. chassis.

RENAULT

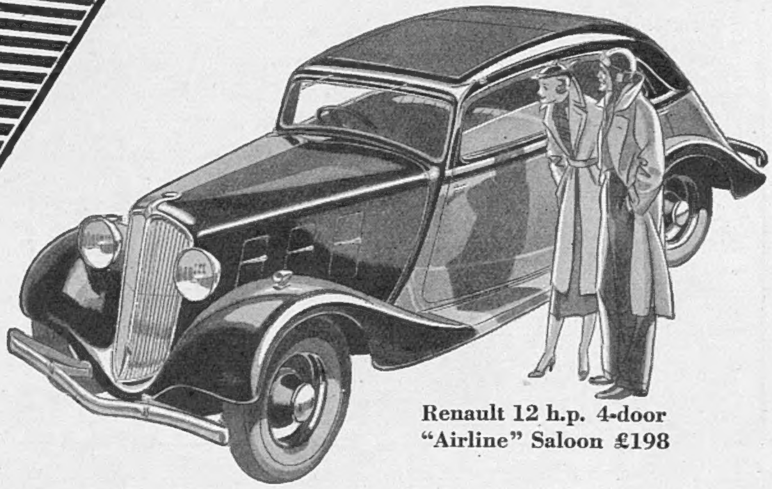
Both the 12 H.P. and 13.9 H.P. models will in future be available with luxurious "Airline" bodies *without alteration in price.* Transverse rear springing, rubber engine mountings, synchro gears, and other well-known Renault features are of course continued. Write for new "Airline" literature.

PRICES:

12 h.p. Airline Saloon ..	£198
13.9 h.p. Airline Saloon ..	£220
12 h.p. Drop-head Coupé ..	£250
6 & 8 cyl. models from ...	£325

RENAULT LTD.

Seagrave Road, West Brompton, S.W.6
Fulham 3301
West End Showrooms: 21 Pall Mall, S.W.1
Whitehall 7270



Renault 12 h.p. 4-door "Airline" Saloon £198

CVS—92

Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating In Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored-up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days.

The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour, and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

Isaac Newton

WAS STRUCK BY AN IDEA, TOO!

No apple fell to give us the idea which led to the design and introduction of the Kismet Duplex Foot Pump. Enterprise and technical thoroughness have made the Kismet the easiest, most dependable and effective method of individual tyre inflation.

The supercharger action (double cylinder compression) makes inflation as simple as walking. A dependable gauge is incorporated to check tyre-pressures during inflation.

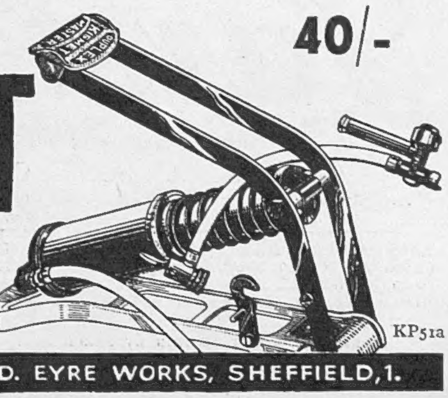
MASTER MODEL 58/6

JUNIOR MODEL 40/-

"Accuracy above all."

KISMET DUPLEX FOOT PUMP

Strongly built to give years and years of unfailing service



Write for Booklet:

KP51a

WM. TURNER & BRO. LTD. EYRE WORKS, SHEFFIELD, 1.

Continued from page xvi.]

"Charles Lamb." Mr. Orlo Williams's "Life of Charles Lamb" is a delightful book: sympathetic, erudite, scholarly, compressed—yet not so compressed as to exclude copious quotation from the Letters. Lamb was surely one of the best letter-writers who ever lived. He never expressed himself carelessly, rarely colloquially or baldly; his most casual sentence is so beautifully turned, it seems to cry aloud for publication. Yet, for all their deliberate playfulness and high literary quality, the Letters achieve an intimacy and depth of feeling scarcely surpassed by other correspondents who wear their hearts more obviously on their sleeves. Thanks to the Letters, the flavour of Lamb's personality has survived as fresh as Pepys's or Dr. Johnson's. And what a delightful personality it is; a living contradiction to the theory that the artistic temperament (which Lamb possessed in full measure) must needs be selfish or irresponsible or cruel. Lamb's life was surrounded by circumstances making for unhappiness. A highly nervous man, he appointed himself the guardian of his sister, whose intermittent attacks of mania were provoked by the smallest excitement, like changing house (the Lambs were always changing houses). For the first forty years of his life he was continually worried about money; he wrote (it seems) reluctantly and with difficulty; he had moments of extreme touchiness; his friendship with Coleridge gave him as much pain as pleasure; he drank and smoked too much, and suffered torments from his conscience in consequence. Yet in spite of this he contrived to be the most charming of companions and devoted of friends, and never lost the buoyancy and responsiveness of his nature. Mr. Orlo Williams's beautifully written biography increases one's love and admiration for him, and is, besides, an ornament to the admirable series to which it belongs.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Tales of D. H. Lawrence. (*Secker; 8s. 6d.*)
Shame the Devil. By Liam O'Flaherty. (*Grayson; 7s. 6d.*)
Rude Society. By H. P. McGraw. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)
Music Ho! A Study of Music in Decline. By Constant Lambert. (*Faber and Faber; 10s. 6d.*)
Charles Lamb. By Orlo Williams. (*Duckworth; 2s.*)

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St. James's). 8.30.—Comedy. Cedric Hardwicke, Edith Evans, Louise Hampton.

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME" (Queen's). 8.40.—Satirical comedy; with a marvellous part for Marie Tempest.

"ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo). 8.30.—Variation on the "Constant Nymph" theme, to display Elisabeth Bergner.

"REUNION IN VIENNA" (Lyric). 8.30.—By Robert E. Sherwood; with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

"CONVERSATION PIECE" (His Majesty's). 8.30.—Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay—a sparkling combination in Regency Brighton.

"TEN-MINUTE ALIBI" (Phoenix). 8.30.—Thriller. Robert Douglas.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"THE GOLDEN TOY" (Coliseum). 8.15.—Gorgeous Asiatic spectacle on a triple revolving stage.

"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" (Palace). 8.30.—Revue. Brilliant mimicry by Florence Desmond and Nelson Keys.

"COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—Elmer Rice's very exciting new play. Acting on high level.

"SIXTEEN" (Criterion).—8.30. Whimsical drama, brilliantly acted by cast including Godfrey Tearle, Muriel Aked, and Antoinette Cellier.

"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30.—Edmund Gwenn excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy.

"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—Leslie Banks as the hero.

"MR. WHITTINGTON" (Hippodrome). 8.30.—Musical comedy with dandy Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, *et al.*

"THE COUNTRY WIFE" (Ambassadors). 8.30.—Wicked Restoration wit. George Grossmith, Lesley Wareing, Agnes Lauchlan.

"WITHOUT WITNESS" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Crime play with suspense sustained. Good acting. Arthur Wontner.

"SPORTING LOVE" (Gaiety). 8.30.—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino in a rollicking show; good music and dancing.

"INDOOR FIREWORKS" (Aldwych).—8.30. Light; very amusing back-chat. Fay Compton and a strong cast.

"BIOGRAPHY" (Globe). 8.30.—Comedy produced by Noel Coward. Excellent acting by Ina Claire and the cast.

"SHE LOVES ME NOT" (Adelphi). 8.30.—One long laugh on the gangster topic.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"CATHERINE THE GREAT" (Marble Arch Pavilion.)—Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., in a spectacular slice of Russian history.

"MAN OF ARAN" (New Gallery).—For its magnificent photography and fine natural acting.

"THE SCARLET EMPRESS" (Carlton).—Marlene Dietrich.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"RAPT" (Curzon).—A drama of village feud, with fine Swiss mountain scenery.

"ROMAN SCANDALS" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Eddie Cantor makes whoopee in Ancient Rome.

"IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT" (Tivoli).—Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable take a cross-country bus ride.

"MAN OF TWO WORLDS" (Plaza).—Francis Lederer makes his screen début as an Eskimo hunter.

"FASHIONS OF 1934" (Regal).—Variation on the back-stage theme, with plenty of gowns and glitter.

"VIVA VILLA" (Empire).—A lively chapter of Mexican history, starring Wallace Beery.

Guard Your Skin
against unsettled weather

THE vagaries of our astounding climate bring rapid alternations of wind and sun, making Larola more than ever essential to the protection of skin beauty. A little rubbed on arms and hands, morning and night and after washing, will keep them soft and white despite neglect or exposure to changeable weather. A touch upon the face will keep your complexion radiant and clear. Banish redness, roughness and soreness and prevent their return by regular applications of Larola — the famous complexion milk that cleanses, protects and beautifies in one operation.

BEETHAM'S Larola

1/6 & 2/6 a bottle

From all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free in U.K. direct from:—

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND
Write for a copy of the interesting and informative Larola Booklet, "The Cult of Beauty," Sent free.

LAROLA FACE POWDER in Pink, White Cream and Cream No. 2. Sealed Boxes, complete with Puff, 2/6.

LAROLA ROSE BLOOM (Rouge), the Natural Tint. Sifter Boxes with Puff, 1/- and 2/6 each.

MATURED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

"LONG JOHN"

FINEST OF SCOTCH WHISKIES

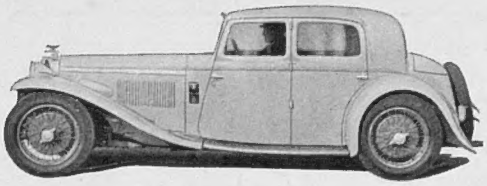
LONG JOHN DISTILLERIES, LTD.
GLASGOW & LONDON

Readers of
THE SPHERE
are invited to make use of the free facilities afforded by
THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Advice to readers, for which no charge is made, is gladly given on all aspects of travel. Transportation by air, rail, sea or road, hotel accommodation, clothing and equipment—in short, advice and information upon any matter which merits prior consideration in connection with travel.

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU, 346, STRAND, LONDON

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH LTD., Milford Lane, London W.C.2; and Published Weekly at the Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1934. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.



Alvis car with body designed by Thrupp & Maberly Ltd. on which "Float-on-Air" has given every satisfaction (after constant use for nearly two years.)

Perfection in upholstery "FLOAT-ON-AIR"

Perfection was aimed for by Messrs. Thrupp & Maberly Ltd. in designing the coachwork for this Alvis car—and perfection in upholstery comfort was obtained by fitting "Float-on-Air" pneumatic upholstery.

The cushion of air in "Float-on-Air" ensures luxurious comfort which is unobtainable with any other type of upholstery. The seat moulds itself to the form of the user with equal pressure at every point, whilst hard spots, rolling, vibration and road shocks are entirely eliminated.

The extraordinary comfort of "Float-on-Air" can be obtained on any car. If insisted upon manufacturers will fit it to your new car, or the upholstery of your present car can be converted by any body builder or through any garage, but be certain it is genuine "Float-on-Air."

"Float-on-Air" is fitted by the manufacturers to certain models of A.C., Aston-Martin, Austin, Crossley, Marendaz, Morris and Wolseley Cars.

LOW COST OF CONVERSION EACH SEAT CUSHION

	Front	Rear
Austin 10	28/6	58/6
Morris 10 (all models)	31/-	58/6
Ford 8	28/6	58/6
Hillman (Minx)	28/6	67/-
Standard (9 & 10)	28/6	67/-
Vauxhall (light 6)	28/6	67/-
Daimler 15	31/-	67/-

Every model of every car can be converted to "Float-on-Air" at prices proportionate to size of seat, using the existing upholstery without alterations in shape, size or material.

DAVID MOSELEY & SONS LIMITED
ARDWICK MANCHESTER 12

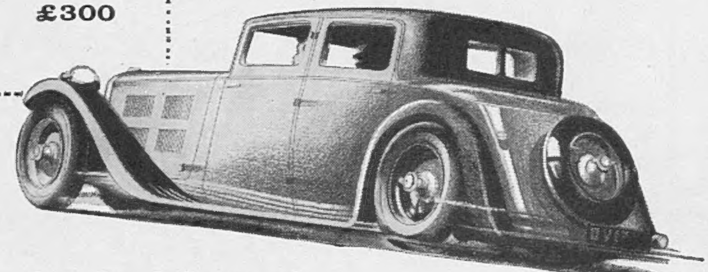
TRIUMPH Gloria

SHEER merit has achieved success for these new "Gloria" models. No cars have ever created such a favourable impression in so short a time. And never have those first good impressions been more fully borne out in actual experience. You must see and try the Triumph "Gloria," from **£285**. May we send full details by return?

THE "GLORIA" SPECIAL

High - Compression Head, High Litt-Cams, Large Valves, Polished Ports, Two "Easy - Start" Downdraught Carburetters,

£300



Safety Glass, Dunlop tyres and Lucas electrical equipment standard.

Triumph Company Ltd., Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland St., W.1

RUBINAT LLORACH

NATURAL APERIENT MINERAL WATER

Prescribed in cases of Gall-stones, Liver Disease, and threatened Appendicitis, Constipation associated with Gout, Hepatic Dyspepsia, Gastric Fever, and generally in Abdominal Obstruction.

Dose : - Wineglassful fasting; can be increased according to temperament.

NO GASTRIC IRRITATION, NO ALTERATION IN DIET REQUIRED

Sole Agents :
Ingram & Royle Ltd, LONDON, S.E.1.
and of all Chemists.

The 'CHAVENTRE' Toupet is a natural hair covering that is absolutely undetectable even on the closest scrutiny.

Write for Booklet 14 or call:
289, Oxford St., LONDON, W.1

Quiet, Modern, Convenient.

Within a short walk of all Hastings' holiday attractions—gaining the full benefit of the fresh sea-air yet quite sheltered, the Royal Victoria Hotel is ideally situated as a Summer Holiday Hotel. Quiet, modern and with a moderate tariff. Inclusive terms are 4½ gns. weekly for cuisine and service which have become famous for its variety and perfection.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. *'Phone : Hastings 869.*

CONRI TAIT L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., AND HIS DANCE ORCHESTRAS

Previous engagements include :—

32 ENGLISH HUNT BALLS, 3 SCOTTISH and 4 IRISH.

Telephone Telegrams 25878. *Particulars,* THE MANAGER, 11, BRUNSWICK STREET, SHEFFIELD, 10.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

1934.

INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 3s. 3d.
Six Months, £1 10/6 (including Christmas Number, £1 12/10)
Three Months, 15/3 (or including Christmas Number, 17s. 8d.)

CANADA.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 0s. 11d.
Six Months, £1 9/3 (or with Christmas Number £1 11s 8d).
Three Months, 14s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number, 17s.)

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 12s. 4d.
Six Months, £1 15s. (including Christmas Number, £1 17/6)
Three Months, 17s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number £1 0s. 0d.)

Remittances may be made by cheque, payable to *The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd.* and crossed "The National Provincial Bank, Ltd.," and by Postal and Money Orders payable at the East Strand Post Office to *The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd.*, of 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII

Carpets Cleaned

The Compressed Air Carpet-Cleaning and Beating Co., Ltd.,

GLENTHORNE ROAD, HAMMERSMITH, W.6.
'Phone: RIVERSIDE 3364-5.

Carpets taken up and relaid. *Advice and Estimates FREE.*

THE MOST ROMANTIC AND PICTURESQUE RESORT IN THE HIGHLANDS

Golf, Tennis, Bowling, Salmon and Trout Fishing

Mountaineering and Touring

PITLOCHRY (PERTHSHIRE)

Up-to-Date HOTELS

For tariffs and accommodation write to the Managers of the undernoted :—

Fisher's Hotel
Moulin Hotel
Atholl Palace Hotel
Scotland's Hotel

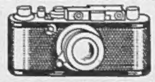
Pitlochry, unequalled as a Holiday resort, is situated on the main route to Inverness near the famous Pass of Killiecrankie. Holiday Tickets daily by regular L M S trains.

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN! 2 to 6 INCHES!

Increased my own height to 6ft. 3⅞in. ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £2 2s. Particulars (mailed privately) 2½d. stamp. S. K. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough, England. (*P.O. Box 15.*)

"AUTOMAX" PRINTS 3½" × 2½"

FROM LEICA AND OTHER MINIATURE NEGS
2/- PER DOZ.



LEICA CAMERA LIST FREE ON REQUEST

WALLACE HEATON LTD
119, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

THE PLAYER WHO CARRIED A MIXED BAG

If only he had matched up with

TRUE TEMPER *STEEL SHAFTS*

Players who prefer a greater amount of whip in their shafts can now obtain the **TRUE TEMPER LIMBERSHAFT.** *The* **TWIN TAPER** *type of shaft is now obtainable in* **TRUE TEMPER** *woods and* **TRUE TEMPER** *Master Irons*

All True Temper Shafts are made in a large variety of attractive finishes, Chromium, Black, light and dark grained enamel, light and dark sheath. Your Pro. will gladly let you try them

Made for British Steel Golf Shafts Ltd., *of* 26, Exchange Street East, Liverpool, *by* Accles & Pollock, Ltd., *of* Oldbury, Birmingham.

19